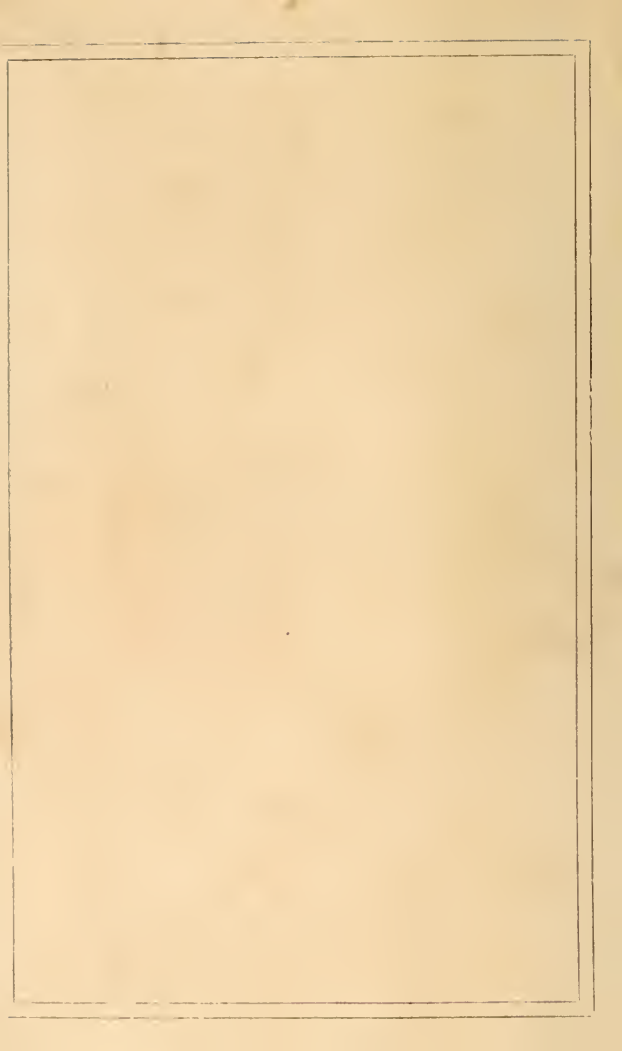




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THE
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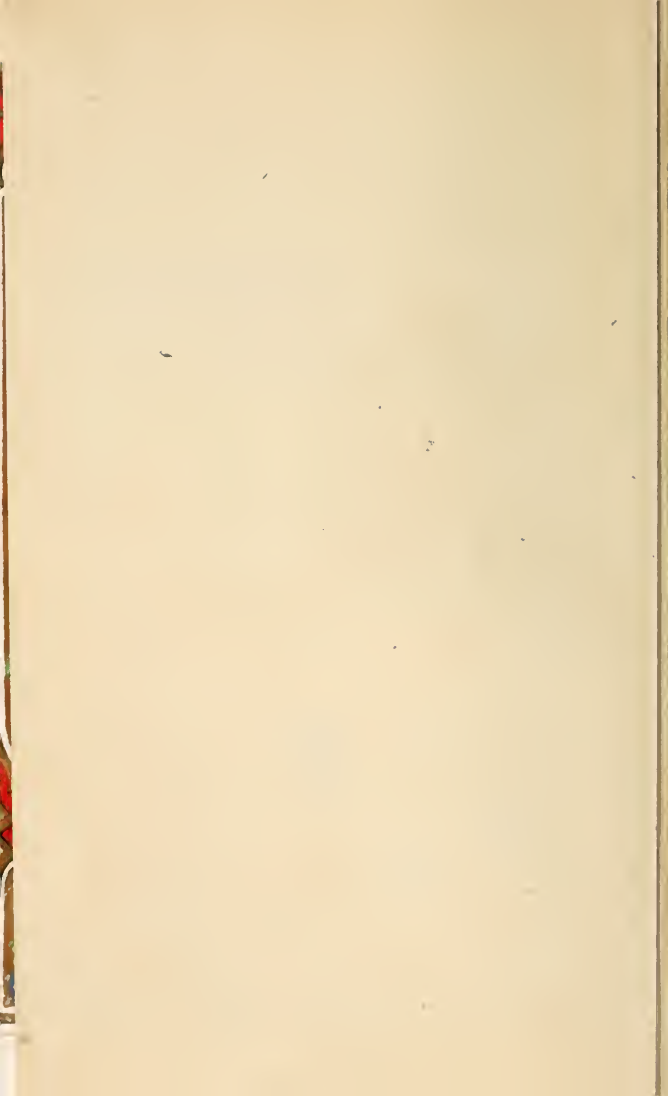
The

SOUVENIR

A TOKEN

Remembrance





THE
S O U V E N I R.

A Token of Remembrance.

2

" Forget me not around your hearth
When cheerly smiles the ruddy blaze,
For dear has been its evening mirth
To me sweet friends, in other days "

London:
THOMAS NELSON, PATERNOSTER ROW.

MDCCCL.

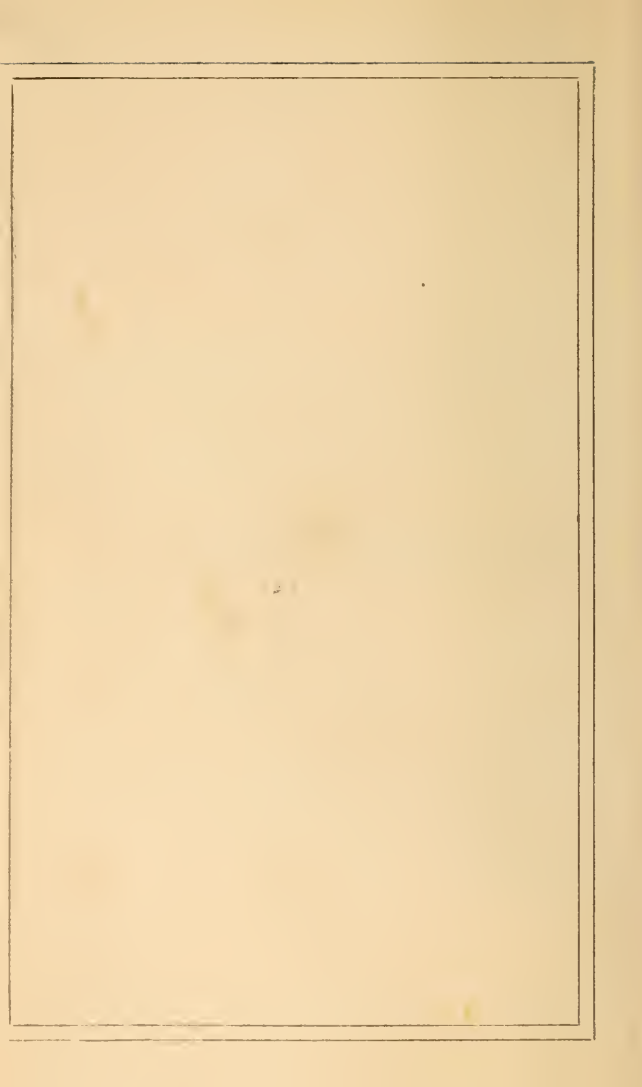
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PREFACE.

THE selection comprised in the following pages has been made with much care, from many sources beyond the reach of ordinary readers, and will be found to comprise much that is new and beautiful, intermingled with a few well-known favourites, whose charms are held in such universal estimation that they are never felt to pall on the most fastidious taste.

This volume is offered as a memorial of friendship, and a *Souvenir* to recall the remembrance of distant objects of affection,—being peculiarly adapted, from the nature of its contents, for a parting gift. As a companion during those hours of quiet and pensive reflection that frequently result from absence and distance from friends, its varied stores will be found to suggest many sweet and pleasing fancies, such as friendship will delight to associate with the memory of the giver.

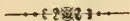


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The Souvenir.



SEBASTIEN GOMEZ;

OR, THE

Mulatto of Murillo.

THE sun had only just risen, and all Seville was still buried in repose, when several youths, the youngest of whom might have been about fifteen, and the eldest twenty, met one morning in the month of June 1558, at the door of a handsome house in the square of the Little Cloister of San Francisco.

After an interchange of greetings, one of them having knocked, the door was opened by an old Negro.

"Good morning, my old Gómez," said they almost together. "Is the master up?"

"Not yet, my young sirs!" replied the Negro, speaking in a slow and guttural tone.

"How you drawl out that, Gómez!" cried several

of them, as they rushed tumultuously into the workshop, each one hastening towards his respective easel.

"By St. James of Compostello, but this is strange," exclaimed Suarez, who had opened his box and taken out his palette. "Which of you gentlemen staid the latest in the workshop?"

"Oh! the Zombi is again at work," said Goméz, with every appearance of fear.

"The Zombi! The Zombi!" said Suarez, angrily. "If I could catch your Zombi, I would bang his shoulders till he told his real name. It is a very bad joke to play off on me, gentlemen, who am more particular than any one of you in cleaning my palette. My brushes are as dirty as if I had only just been using them."

"Stay! here is a head on the corner of my canvass," said Suarez, stopping before his easel.

"It is the portrait of the Canon Istenby," exclaimed Cordova. "Look, gentlemen! look!"

"The Zombi again!" muttered Goméz.

"In truth, if it is the Zombi of Goméz that makes all the heads which we find every morning on our canvass," said Villavicemio, "he ought, since he meddles at all, to have the goodness to paint the head of the Virgin in my Descent from the Cross. I cannot succeed in giving it the expression which

the Virgin-Mother ought to have. For these last eight days I have effaced every evening, what I spent the day in painting."

While speaking, Villavicemio had been carelessly approaching his easel. He now uttered a cry, and stood motionless before it.

They all rose, one after the other, and advancing towards him, gazed in silent astonishment.

In the centre of Villavicemio's picture, at the foot of the cross, whence the evening before, the young Spaniard had effaced his head of the Virgin, there was now another. It was only a sketch, but the expression was so lovely, so chaste, the outline of such great purity, the colouring so soft, that it spoiled the picture by its very superiority to every other figure in it.

"How beautiful!" cried all the young people in ecstasy.

"Indeed I know not who could have done that head," said Suarez, "unless it might be Gaspard?"

"Who calls Gaspard?" gaily exclaimed a youth of sixteen, entering the workshop, followed by a man of middle age whom the pupils saluted by the name of Mendez Ozorio.

"What a close fellow you must be, Gaspard," said Baba. "Your father complains that you prefer literature to painting, and now, it seems that you reverse

the usual order of things, and paint by night, and study by day."

"Who accuses me of painting by night?" demanded Gaspard, laughing.

"Look here," cried at the same instant all the pupils; all those of them at least whose canvass had received an addition of figures, heads, or arms.

Mendez looked, and said gravely,—

"Upon my word, gentlemen, this is not Gaspard's doing."

"What reason have you for thinking it is not, Senor Ozorio?" said Chevès.

"Simply because Gaspard is incapable ——

"Of playing a trick?" said Tobar, completing his sentence.

"Of doing so well," continued Ozorio.

This was hailed with bursts of laughter from the pupils.

"Then it is you, Senor Ozorio," said they.

"I should be right glad to own such touches as these," replied Ozorio, "but it is not I; I am not of an age to stay up all night for no other object than to play tricks on you."

"Then who can it be?"

"The Zombi," muttered old Gómez again.

"To work, gentlemen, to work," said Gaspard, looking up towards the ceiling. "I hear my father

coming down. His toilet is soon made. For my part I will make my escape, and get out of his way."

"Where are you going?"

"To read some verses of my own composition to Senor Ozorio." *Au revoir*, my young friends."

"Sébastien! Sébastien! Sébastien!"

At these cries, reiterated a hundred times by the pupils, and in every variety of tone, a poor little Mulatto hurried into the workshop.

"Here I am, my masters," said he, trembling.

"Sébastien, some fresh canvass," said one; "Sébastien, the oil," cried another; "Sébastien, my palette;" "Sébastien, grind some yellow for me;" "and some vermilion for me," said another; "some ochre for me," said a sixth.—"Come, Sébastien, quick, quick."

In the vain endeavour to answer all these clashing and conflicting calls upon him, the poor little Mulatto ran about from one to the other, meeting with rebuffs on all sides, for not attending to every one at the same time.

"Well! what is the matter with you all? One would think the workshop was on fire."

These words, uttered in a sharp stern voice, hushed all to silence, while each of the pupils bent before the new comer.

He was a man of about forty, with a noble but

somewhat haughty expression of countenance, and dressed with the utmost elegance.

"Look, Senor Murillo," said Villavicemio, showing his picture.

"Very well, indeed, bravo, Villavicemio," said Murillo. "You are making visible progress."

"It was not I who painted that, master!" said Villavicemio, in a tone of regret.

"So much the worse; but who was it then?" replied Murillo. "Speak, speak; who was it?" added he, impatiently; "for it is admirable;—what tone, what freshness, what colouring, what delicacy of touch! I am not afraid, gentlemen, to say, that he who has done this head of the Virgin will be one day the master of us all. Was it you, Baba?"

"No, Senor."

"Or you, Suarez?"

"Alas! not I."

"Could it be Gaspard, by any chance?"

"He denies it, Senor Murillo," said Chevès.

"If he does, we must believe him," replied Murillo. "But who can it be then? This head of the Virgin has not come and planted itself of its own accord in the middle of Villavicemio's canvass."

"By our Lady, Senor Murillo," said Cordova, the youngest of the class, "if Gómez is to be believed, and the little Sébastien ——."

“Well!”

“It is the Zombi who ——.” Cordova was interrupted by a shout of derision from all the pupils.

“Nay,” he added warmly, “you may laugh if you like, and make game of me; but nevertheless, gentlemen, you cannot deny that for some time most extraordinary things have occurred here,—things which do not happen every day.”

“That is true, for it is at night they happen,” replied Villavicencio.

“What happens every night?” demanded Murillo, without taking his eyes off the head of the Virgin, so miraculously painted.

Cordova began to explain:—

“According to your orders, senor, none of us ever leave the workshop until we have put everything aside, cleaned our palettes, washed and dried our brushes, arranged our easels, and turned our canvass wrong side up. Well, Senor Murillo, for about a month—yes—certainly it is at least a month, if not more,—for the last month then, every morning, on arriving, one finds his palette all full of paint; another, his brushes dirty; and here and there upon our canvass, one discovers an arm finished which he had only sketched; another, in a corner of his picture, devil grinning at him, and showing his horns; others find, one time, the head of an angel; another time,

that of an old man, or, it may be, the profile of a young girl, or the caricature of some one who had been in the workshop the evening before. In short, Senor Murillo, I should never have done if I were to relate all the supernatural doings that take place every night in your workshop."

"Is Gaspard a somnambulist?" inquired Villavicemio of his master.

"No; but even if he were, it is not credible that he should work better at night with his eyes shut, than in the day with his eyes open. No, my young friends; he who has produced that head is more than a pupil, more than an imitator. It is incorrect, it is unfinished; nevertheless, the sacred fire of genius is in that pencil. However, it is easy for us to find out! —Sébastien!"

"If you want to find out from Sébastien, senor," said Villavicemio, "he knows no more than we do; —but no, I am mistaken, he positively affirms it is the Zombi."

"We shall soon see that.—Sébastien!"

"Here, master!" said the little Mulatto, who had run at the first call.

"Did I not order you to sleep here every night?"

"Yes, master."

"And do you sleep here?"

"Yes, master."

"Then tell me who is it that comes into the workshop at night, or in the morning before the pupils arrive?—Who? answer me."

"No one, master," replied the little Mulatto, in affright, and twisting the buttons of his sleeve in his confusion.

"No one? You lie, rascally slave—you lie. Have you not eyes as well as we?" And Murillo pointed to the head of the Virgin in Villavicencio's picture.

"Nobody—but—myself—master, I swear to you," said Sébastien, with clasped hands.

"Now listen to me!" said Murillo, with stern look and voice.—"I must know who has done this head of the Virgin; do you hear me? as well as all those little figures which the gentlemen find every morning on the canvass. I am determined I will know, I tell you. Now listen to me :—To-night, instead of sleeping, you must watch; and if to-morrow you have not discovered the culprit, you shall receive twenty lashes, laid on by my major-domo, who does not beat the air, as you know by this time. Remember what I say. But you are muttering something, I believe. If you have anything to say, say it—speak,—I give you full permission."

"I only wanted to say, master," said Sébastien, with tears in his eyes, "that if everything remains

in its place to-night—and if there is nothing else on the gentlemen's canvass ——.”

“That is another affair; instead of twenty-five lashes, you shall get thirty. Enough said;—now, gentlemen, to work.”

The lesson commenced; and while it lasted, a profound silence was observed. Such was Murillo's devotion to the sublime art to which he owed his brilliant fame and fortunes, that he would not suffer a profane word to be uttered by the pupils while in his presence; and by a profane word, the great master meant every word that related not to painting.

After the departure of Murillo, it seemed as if each pupil were determined to make himself amends for the silence imposed on him. If everything appeared dead while the master was present, his absence was the signal for a return to life; even the very easels seemed to become animated. As at this moment the minds of all the pupils were occupied with the one subject, the conversation immediately turned upon these little creations, so delicate, so sweet, so soft, which seemed to be called forth every morning, and vanish every night—but only to give place to others.

“Tell us now, Sébastien,” cried Villavicencio, as soon as the door had closed on Murillo, and the sound of his steps had died away in the long corridor, “Tell us why, when the master asked you who had

done all those little heads, why did you not give him the same answer as to us,—‘The Zombi’?”

“Because that answer would have earned for me a flogging, Senor Villavicemio,” replied Sébastien, whose tongue, as well as that of the pupils, seemed to be let loose by the departure of the master.

“Ah! well, I have good hopes! you shall not escape to-morrow morning with your Zombi,” cried Mendez.

“Do not speak ill of the Zombi, Senor Mendez,” said Sébastien, affecting an air of terror, “for look how he is revenging himself on you by stretching the arm of your St. James,—this arm is at least an inch longer than the other.”

“Sébastien is right, Mendez,” said Baba, leaning over his neighbour’s easel. “That arm is too long. But tell us, Sébastien, who is the Zombi?”

“Yes do, Sébastien, tell us who is the Zombi?” exclaimed several voices at once.

“Indeed, gentlemen, I have never seen him myself; but my father, who never saw him any more than I, was told by his grandfather, who never saw him either, that he was a spectre, an evil spirit that visits the earth every night expressly to do mischief.”

“I wish I could do in the day what he does at night,” said Tobar. “Hand me some bright yellow, Sébastien.”

"Do not you think it is yellow enough already, Senor Tobar?" answered Sébastien.

"Look at mine, Sébastien; is mine too yellow?" inquired Chevès.

"On the contrary, senor, your's is blue—a deep dark blue. Your water is blue, your trees are blue, your meadows are blue. Is it on set purpose that you make everything blue?"

"No indeed," said Chevès.

"One would think so, then," returned Sébastien.

"It is very odd; but this little slave, with his simple face, is as full of mischief as an ape."

"After all, what is the Negro but a kind of ape?" said Villavicemio.

"Mixed with a little of the parrot," observed Tobar.

"With this difference only,—that the parrot does nothing but repeat," replied Baba, "and Sébastien thinks and speaks to the point."

"Just as the parrot, by dint of speaking, sometimes hits upon the right thing," added Tobar.

"You are a judge of design, too, I suppose," said Villavicemio.

"Oh, I only repeat, you know, what I hear the master say," said Sébastien, with a look of such perfect simplicity, that no one doubted but that this was the fact. "For after all, what am I but an ape, or a

parrot ——;” he paused an instant,—then added, “or a slave!”—and these last words were uttered in a tone of such deep sadness, that there was not one among the pupils—gay, thoughtless, and sometimes even inconsiderate to cruelty as they were—that was not touched.

“What a droll little being you are!” said Baba, giving him a friendly pinch in the ear. “Adieu, Sébastien; catch the Zombi, or your back will pay for it.”

“Catch the Zombi, or your back will pay for it,” repeated each pupil, as he left the workshop. Adieu, Sébastien; good luck to you; my respects to the Zombi.”

“The Zombi! the Zombi!” repeated Sébastien, gazing after the last who left the workshop. “Will not these Christians have pity on me?”

Ejaculating these words in the same tone as that in which he had pronounced the word slave, Sébastien began to arrange the workshop. Night having surprised him in this occupation, he lighted a lamp, and, casting a timid but searching glance around him, as if to assure himself that he was really alone, he approached the easel of Villavicemio, and as he gazed on the head of the Virgin, which had so miraculously appeared on the canvass, the dull heavy eyes, the sluggish features, the whole countenance of the poor slave, became animated; and murmuring between

his teeth,—“The master said, ‘I only wish I had done it,’” he appeared as if lost in devout ecstasy.

Long had he stood thus motionless, when a hand was laid upon his arm, and so far had he been carried in thought from the present and the visible, that he started and uttered an exclamation of terror at the touch.

“Sébastien!” said a timid and broken voice.

“Is it you, father?” said Sébastien, looking at a tall old Negro, who was standing beside him.

“What are you doing here, my son?”

“Nothing, father. I was only looking at this picture.”

“Sébastien,” said the old Negro, turning on his son a look of feverish inquietude, “I heard what the pupils said as they went out. Are you going to watch?”

“Yes, father,” replied the boy.

“And the Zombi!” said the old man, with a terrified glance round the large workshop, which the feeble light of the lamp seemed only to throw into deeper shade.

“I am not much afraid of him, father,” said Sébastien, with an involuntary smile of incredulity.

“Oh! my son, do not jest thus,” said the old Negro, the reality of whose fears was evidenced by the trembling knees that could scarcely support him.

“Do not brave him. Oh! if he were to carry you off,

tell me what would become of old Gomèz. I will remain with you, my son. I am very much afraid,—but that is no matter. Let him take us both off together, if it must be so.”

“My good father,” said the young Mulatto, “there is no such thing as the Zombi; it is only an old superstition of our country. His Reverence, Father Ambrose, who often comes here, has told you so, father; and you must believe him, for he is a holy man, and would not say anything that was not true.”

“But these little heads, and especially that head of the Virgin, which has thrown them all into such surprise, that even the master himself was speaking of it, at dinner, to Senor Mendez Ozorio, to young Master Gaspard, and to everybody else!—Who could put it there, if not the Zombi?”

“Some time or other it will be known, father; but you had better leave me now.”

“It is vain for you to talk, boy; I will not leave you. Only think, child, what you are to me. The white men have houses, money—they have liberty—liberty, child. But you know not what that is. You were born a slave; but I—I have been made one. I—I was born free, Sébastien.”

“Oh! it is too true, father. It is horrible to be a slave!” said Sébastien, bursting into tears.

“Horrible!” repeated the old Negro. “Horrible! and no hope of ever breaking the chain : certainly no hope for thee, Sébastien.”

“Father,” said the young Mulatto, raising his eyes to the glass dome of the workshop, through which were seen the bright starry heavens, “on high there is a God, who is a God for every one; for the Negro as well as for the white man; for the slave as well as the master. Let us pray to him, my father, and he will hear and answer us.”

“But only a miracle could help us, my son.”

“God can work miracles, father.”

“Alas, my son! He does not work them now-a-days; and why should he work one for us?”

“Who knows, father? His Reverence tells me that a Christian must never despair. But now, dear father, you must go and lie down; and you may sleep soundly, believe me. You know I am no longer a child. I am fifteen. Good night, father.”

“Good night, my son; and may God set you free one day!”

“You must be first free, father. You said yourself that I was born a slave, and must by this time be accustomed to it. Good night, father.”

“Good night,” said the old Negro, at last making up his mind to leave him. “Good night.”

As soon as Sébastien found himself alone, he

uttered a joyous sound ; but, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he exclaimed sorrowfully, "Twenty-five lashes, if I do not confess ; thirty lashes if there should be no new figures to-morrow ; and twenty-five, perhaps, if the culprit be found out. Poor slave, what hadst thou to do with such high dreams ? I will efface all, and it shall happen no more. But, oh ! how sleepy I am," added he, yawning. "I will pray to God, and who knows but he may inspire me with some means of extrication !"

And Sébastien knelt upon the mat which served him as a bed ; but fatigued as he was by the labours of the day, sleep surprised him in the middle of his prayer, and falling against one of the marble pillars of the workshop, he awoke not till the first feeble rays of the new-born day had penetrated into the room. The clock of the little cloister of San Francisco struck half-past three, and his very joints cracked in the effort thoroughly to awake. "Up, lazy one, up," said he ; "you have three hours before you,—three hours which you can call your own,—three hours in which you are your own master. Avail yourself of them, poor slave. Time enough, when they awake, for you to resume your chain, and feel it. Courage ! you may do what you like for three hours. It is little enough." The boy, now broad awake, approached the easel of Villavicemio.

“In the first place,” said he, “I must efface all these figures.” Then taking a brush, which he dipped into the oil, he uncovered the Virgin’s head, which, illumined as it was by the dim light of the opening day, appeared still more soft and sweet. “Efface it!” returned he, after a moment’s survey, and smiling upon this beauteous creation of the preceding night. “Efface it! They did not dare to do it, notwithstanding all their taunts; and I—shall I have more courage than they? No, no; a million times rather the scourge,—rather death, if it must be so! But this head lives—it breathes—it speaks. Were I to efface it, methinks its blood would flow: it would be nothing short of murder. No, I will rather finish it.”

These words were no sooner uttered, than the palette was in the hands of Sébastien, the various colours mixed, and the boy at work.

“After all, if it must be effaced, I shall have time enough before the master gets up, or the pupils arrive,” said he to himself. “Her hair does not wave gracefully enough—there is some hardness here—it wants a softer touch there—I must shade here—this line is too marked—it makes her look old—the Virgin ought to be in prayer too—her lips must be a little apart—there, that will do. But do I dream?—Seems she not actually breathing before me?—Are her eyes fixed upon me? Methinks I hear a sigh from

under the veil which is falling over her shoulders. Oh! how beautiful, how holy she seems!"

Meanwhile the sun had arisen, and its rays, shining through the window of the workshop, irradiated with their brilliant light all the objects it contained; but Sébastien, quite absorbed in his work, perceived it not. He forgot everything—the advancing hour—the hard slavery, and the twenty-five lashes which awaited him. Wholly carried away by his art, (his genius for which, born with him, had been marvelously developed by his stay with Murillo,) the young artist saw only the Virgin's face, with its lovely benignant smile—he was no longer a slave—he was free—there was no bondage in the bright world in which he was living. Suddenly the noise of footsteps and the sound of well-known voices broke the charm, and brought him back to earth, once more a slave.

Sébastien, without turning round, felt that Murillo and his pupils were behind him. Surprised and confounded, he thought not either of excusing himself, or of trying to escape. He wished the floor of the workshop would open and swallow him up. But vain was his wish; and there stood the poor slave, with his palette in one hand, his brush in the other; and without daring to raise his head, he awaited, in agonized dismay, the punishment with which he was threatened.

There was a moment's silence on both sides; for if Sébastien was petrified on finding himself thus caught in the fact, Murillo and his pupils were no less astonished at what they beheld. The young men, with all the vivacity of their age, were about to have expressed their admiration, but a sign from their master silenced them. He gravely advanced towards his slave; and hiding under a cold, stern air, the emotion which every true artist must feel at the sight of genius thus revealed for the first time, he said to him,—

“Sébastien, who is your master?”

“You, my lord,” replied the boy in a scarcely audible voice.

“I mean your master in painting, Sébastien.”

“You, my lord,” replied the slave, still trembling.

“How! I never gave you a lesson, child,” returned Murillo in astonishment.

“No, master; but you gave it to the others, and I listened,” replied Sébastien, emboldened by the softened tone of his master.

“And profited by it,” said Murillo again.

“You did not forbid me!” said Sébastien; “I did not think it was any harm.”

Murillo warmly replied,—“And by the ancient patron of Spain, you have profited by it as none of

my pupils have ever yet done. So, then," added he, after a pause, "you work at night?"

"No, master, by day."

"At what hour then? My pupils usually arrive at six."

"From three to five, master. I first overslept, and then forgot myself."

Murillo smiled. "And did you also forget what I promised you yesterday, Sébastien?" said he to him.

The poor slave turned pale and trembled, as though he already felt the threatened lash.

"Oh! Senor Murillo!" cried all the pupils with suppliant voices. "Pardon for Sébastien."

"I shall only be too glad, gentlemen; but I must go farther. This boy does not so much merit pardon as reward."

"Reward!" repeated Sébastien, now hardly able to stand, while he ventured to lift his timid and tearful eyes to his master.

"Yes, Sébastien, a reward," replied Murillo kindly. "When I think of all the difficulties you had to surmount, before you could have attained to producing such a head as that of the Virgin, or even such as I have seen on the other easels,—when I think of the hours stolen from needful rest,—of the sleep of which you deprived yourself, that you might work secure from discovery or suspicion,—when I think of all

your attention to my instructions—all your memory in storing them up—your application in reducing them to practice,—I can only say I know not anything I could deny you as a reward. Say, then, what shall it be?”

Sébastien knew not whether he was awake or asleep. His almost bewildered gaze wandered from the pleased countenance of his master to the smiling faces of the pupils, and he could hardly believe that all these kind words were addressed to him, or that anything that concerned him could make another look so glad.

“Come, take courage, Sébastien,” said Villavicemio in his ear; “the master is pleased with you. Ask for whatever you like best—a bright new ducat? Come, I am sure Senor Murillo will not refuse it to you.”

“One!” cried Baba,—“ten at the very least.”

“Twenty!” cried Gaspard. “I know my father—he will readily give you twenty.”

“You are very generous with my purse, my son; but I will not go back of your word, nor of yours either, gentlemen,” said Murillo, smiling good-humouredly. “Come, Sébastien,” added the great painter, while closely scrutinizing the countenance of his slave, upon whom the words of the pupils seemed not to make the slightest impression,—“every one answers but you, and you are the person whom I

asked; say, is the reward named by them sufficient? You have only to speak. I am so pleased, my poor little fellow, with what you have done—with your conception—with your fine and delicate touch—with your colouring—in short, with the whole head,—the design might be more correct, but the expression is lovely, is divine,—that I will give you anything you can ask me, anything at least in my power to give.”

“Oh, master! master—no, I dare not,” and Sébastien raised his clasped hands imploringly, while in the parted and quivering lips of the boy, upon which the words seemed to form and as suddenly expire—in the momentarily flashing eye, in the veins—swelled almost to bursting—of that forehead with all its impress of genius, might be seen that he had a wish to which timidity alone hindered him from giving utterance.

“Are you a fool?” said Gaspard. “Why do not you speak when my father bids you?”

“Speak then,” added another. “Ask for some gold.”

“No, ask for good clothes, Sébastien; your figure is straight, slight, and well-formed, and would show them off well.”

“I think I can guess, gentlemen,” said Villavice-mio, “I think I know what Sébastien would prize

most;—it would be to be received as one of the pupils of Senor Murillo.”

A gleam of joy shone for a moment in the eyes of the young Mulatto.

“If it is that, say so, my child,” said Murillo kindly.

“And ask him for a place in a good light,” said Gonzalez, whose easel was badly placed, he having been the last received pupil.

“Well! is it that?” said Murillo to him.

Sébastien shook his head.

“No!” said Murillo, a little surprised.

“Sébastien,” said Gaspard to him, “this is one of my father’s good days; you may venture anything; ask at once for your freedom.”

With a cry, in which joy and anguish were strangely mingled, Sébastien fell at the feet of Murillo: “Oh freedom for my father, freedom for my father!” He stopped—his words choked by his tears.

“And your own freedom,—care you not for it?” demanded Murillo.

Sébastien hung his head, and repressed the rising sob.

“My father’s freedom first of all,” said he.

“Yes, my poor boy; and yours with his,” said Murillo, who, unable to restrain his emotion, bent over Sébastien, then raised him, pressing him with transport to his bosom.

Loud sobs now becoming more audible from the lower end of the workshop, every eye was turned in that direction; it was the old Negro, who was weeping bitterly.

"You are free, Gómez!" said Murillo, extending his hand to him.

"Free to serve you all my life, master," replied Gómez, as he knelt before him.

"Oh, my master! my kind master!" was all that deep emotion allowed Sébastien to utter.

"Sébastien," said Murillo, turning to him, "your pencil has shown that you have genius; your request proves you have heart, and this union completes the artist. This very day I receive you as a pupil."

"Your pupil! Oh, no, it is too much," cried Sébastien. "I—the son of a Negro! a Mulatto! a slave!—your pupil!"

"Before God, there are neither Negroes, Mulattoes, nor slaves!" said Murillo, with pious fervour. "All are men, and, as such, equal in His eyes,—why should they be otherwise with me?"

"But these gentlemen—," said Sébastien, glancing timidly at the pupils.

"We shall all be enchanted to have you for a companion," was the unanimous reply.

"And I to have you for a brother," added Gaspard, pressing the hand of Sébastien.

“Well said, my son,” said Murillo. Then, turning to the young Mulatto, he added,—

“My son has called thee his brother, Sébastien, and I must then be thy father.—Happy Murillo! I have done more than make pictures—I have made a painter! for thy name shall descend to posterity associated with mine, and thy reputation will crown my fame. I shall be well content if in ages to come, when men tell of thee, they call thee ‘The Mulatto of Murillo!’”

And thus it actually was. Sébastien Gómez was better known under this cognomen than by his real name. Admitted among the number of his master’s pupils, he afterwards became one of the greatest painters of whom Spain has to boast.

Several private individuals in Seville pride themselves upon the possession of paintings by Sébastien Gómez. But the most admired productions of this artist are to be found in the Church of Seville;—they are, The Madonna and Child, a St. Joseph, and a Christ on the Cross, with St. Peter at his feet, who appears to be imploring pardon.

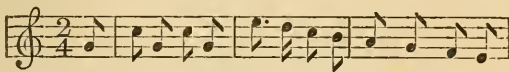
Gómez survived Murillo only a few years; and died, it is believed, in the year 1689 or 1690.

Good-Morrow.

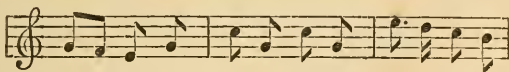
SERENADE.

HERWOOD, 1638

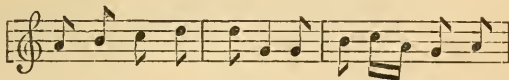
MOZART.



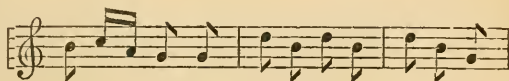
Dark clouds away! And welcome day, With night be ban-ish'd



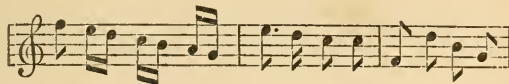
sor - row; Sweet air, blow soft; Mount, larks a - loft, To



give my love good-mor-row! Wings from the wind to



please her mind, Notes from the lark I'll bor-row; Bird,



prone thy wing, gay war-blers sing, To give my love good-



mor - row! To give my love good - mor - row!

GOOD-MORROW.

Music on Page 27.

Dark clouds away !
And welcome day,
With night be banished sorrow ;
Sweet air, blow soft,
Mount, larks, aloft,
To give my love good-morrow !

Wings from the wind,
To please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow ;
Bird, prone thy wing,
Gay warblers sing,
To give my love good-morrow !

Wake from thy rest,
Robin Red-breast,
Sing, birds, in every furrow ;
And from each hill,
Let music shrill,
Give my fair love good-morrow !

Black-bird and thrush,
In every bush,
Stare, linnet, and blithe sparrow ;
Ye pretty elves,
Among yourselves,
Sing my sweet love good-morrow.

HEYWOOD.

ORIGIN OF THE SNOW-DROP.

No fading flowers in Eden grew,
Nor autumn's withering spread
Among the trees a browner hue,
To show the leaves were dead ;
But through the groves and shady dells,
Waving their bright immortal bells,
Were amaranths and asphodels,
Undying in a place that knew
A golden age the whole year through.

But when the angels' fiery bands,
Guarding the eastern gate,
Told of a broken law's commands,
And agonies that came too late ;—
With "longing, lingering" wish to stay,
And many a fond but vain delay,
That could not wile her grief away,
Eve wandered aimless o'er a world
On which the wrath of God was hurled.

Then came the spring's capricious smile,
And summer sunlight warmed the air,

And autumn's riches served a while
To hide the curse that lingered there ;
Till o'er the once untroubled sky
Quick driven clouds began to fly,
And moaning zephyrs ceased to sigh,
When winter's storms in fury burst
Upon a world indeed accurst.

And when at last the driving snow,
A strange ill-omened sight,
Came whitening all the plains below ;—
To trembling Eve it seemed—affright,
With shivering cold and terror bowed ;—
As if each fleecy vapour cloud
Were falling as a snowy shroud,
To form a close enwrapping pall
For earth's untimeous funeral.

Then all her faith and gladness fled,
And nothing left but black despair,
Eve madly wished she had been dead,
Or never born a pilgrim there ;
But, as she wept, an angel bent
His way adown the firmament,
And, on a task of mercy sent,
He raised her up, and bade her cheer
Her drooping heart, and banish fear :

And catching, as he gently spake,
A flake of falling snow,
He breathed on it, and bade it take
A form, and bud and blow ;
And, ere the flake had reached the earth,
Eve smiled upon the beauteous birth,
That seemed, amid the general dearth
Of living things, a greater prize
Than all her flowers in Paradise.

“This is an earnest, Eve, to thee,”
The glorious angel said,
“That sun and summer soon shall be ;
And though the leaves seem dead,
Yet once again the smiling spring,
With wooing winds shall swiftly bring
New life to every sleeping thing ;
Until they wake and make the scene
Look fresh again and gaily green.”

The angel's mission being ended,
Up to heaven he flew,
But where he first descended,
And where he bade the earth adieu,
A ring of snow-drops formed a posy
Of pallid flowers, whose leaves unrosy,
Waved like a winged argosy,—

Whose climbing masts above the sea,
Spread fluttering sail and streamer free.

And thus the snow-drop, like the bow
That spans the cloudy sky,
Becomes a symbol whence we know
That brighter days are nigh;
That circling seasons, in a race
That knows no lagging lingering pace,
Shall each the other nimbly chase,
Till Time's departing final day
Sweep snow-drops and the world away!

G. W.

POPULAR TRADITIONS OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER I.

THE MARAIS VERNIER.

THE following striking popular traditions of France are thus pleasingly related in the "Wanderings of a Traveller by the Seine."

On leaving Quillebœuf, the next place we reached was the village of the Marais Vernier, the capital, so to speak, of a tract of country altogether singular. In fact, while traversing these banks of the Seine, we sometimes feel as if we were on a terra incognita. Our previous reading, we had thought, was somewhat

at large, and we anticipated little from the journey but the pleasure of seeing and recollecting. We have now discovered that we knew nothing.

The Marais Vernier is an immense marsh, in shape of a horse-shoe, the base of which is formed by the Seine, and the rounded part by a line of hills, on which are situated—stationed, we might say—about half a dozen villages, at almost regular distances. In the middle of this vast meadow, which is sometimes comparatively dry, there is a lake called the Grand'mare, the deep black waters of which never subside. It covers about a twentieth part of the whole area, and, at almost all seasons of the year, is darkened by clouds of water-fowl.

Gardens, or fields, of kitchen vegetables, which the inhabitants call *courtils*, occupy a space of nearly a twelfth part of the whole marsh, and their fertility may be characterized truly by the adjective prodigious. Turnips as thick as a man's leg, and more than two feet long, with carrots in proportion, are among the monstrous births of the soil; while the cabbages which do not weigh from twenty-five to thirty pounds are reckoned under the standard. M. de Nagu, the lord of the village of Marais Vernier, once gained a bet which he had made to send six cabbages to Paris weighing three hundred pounds. One of this illustrious half dozen alone weighed

sixty-eight! The strange thing is, that these enormous vegetables preserve no analogy with the animal kingdom under such circumstances, but keep their proper flavour amidst all their excess of growth. The potato, however, is an exception to this rule. It grows, like the rest, to a colossal size; but, in a soil so different from that of its natural hard and stony bed, it contracts a taste of *soap*.

The agricultural implements used in the marsh are very unlike, as we may suppose, those of other districts. The spade, for instance, which is employed in turning over earth that presents no resistance, is almost as large in proportion as the fruits of the soil. The beds are generally intersected at every fifteen feet of width by ditches, or drains, of six feet.

But while the principle of vegetable life develops itself so vigorously, that of human life declines. The miasma of the marsh is fatal; and in autumn more especially, or in the intense heats of summer, the victims are numerous. The disease produced is a slow fever, which varies in malignity with the state of the atmosphere, but for which there is no hope in medicine. Doctors, notwithstanding, are called as usual; drugs are swallowed; and the patient descends into the tomb *secundum artem*. The fresh tints of the women of Quillebœuf are here unknown. Sallow complexions, spiritless eyes, and feeble limbs, demon-

strate the deadly influence of the marsh. Almost every girl you meet is an orphan—every woman a widow. The human affections are themselves under the control of the spirit of the place. Mourning for the dead is here a brief and empty form. The widow and the widower enter into a new connexion without loss of time, and

“ The funeral baked meats

Do coldly furnish forth the wedding-table.”

It is by no means uncommon for one individual, of either sex, to have been married four or five times; and the conflicting interests of so many families produce, as a matter of course, frequent quarrels, heart-burnings, and suits at law. The lawyers, fortunately, are at hand. These benevolent and disinterested persons, undeterred by the miasma of the marsh, crowd round its brink like the birds of prey that feed upon its bosom. They place themselves among the population, like the six-foot drains among the vegetable beds, to carry off the exuberance of fertility.

The village of Marais Vernier does not resemble so much a village, as a confused multitude of detached cottages, each at some distance from the rest, and surrounded by gardens and orchards. The spirit of union, therefore, so visible at Quillebœuf, is here absent; the generous selfishness which embraces a whole town, because it is one's *own* town, is unknown; and

the inhabitants of the marsh,—quite as insulated in their position as the Quillebois,—have nothing of that social sympathy which endears solitude to the solitary, and desolation to the desolate.

The marsh is said to have formerly been the site of a forest; but the same thing is said of every marsh in France, and for precisely the same reason—that trunks of trees, and entire trees, have been found beneath the surface of the earth. The most extraordinary place we know of where this has been observed, is the vast *grève* of St. Michel, where the sands of the ocean descend to such a depth, that a ship sinks in them, and disappears, till even her tall masts leave no trace behind. The truth, we suspect, is, that the greater part of the lowlands, not only of France, but of all Europe, were at one time covered with woods, and that, wherever there are traces of any considerable revolution on the earth's surface, their remains will be found. The trees dug up from such abysses as the Marais Vernier, where the fluidity prevents any geological clew from being attained through the measurement of the accumulation of vegetable earth, are probably much older than has been supposed.

The project of reclaiming the lands of this great marsh has been frequently entertained; but the difficulties are numerous. In the first place, the bank of the river has been sensibly elevated by the ceaseless

deposits of the tide; so that the most distant part of the marsh has become the deepest. The water, therefore, never finds its way into the Seine, except when it is above its usual level. An artificial canal, indeed, exists; but this is found to be of little use, partly, no doubt, from the nature of the ground, but chiefly, we presume, from its not being carried sufficiently deep. In this more distant part is the lake of the Grand'mare, which operates strongly against the efforts of man. It is, in fact, the great receptacle of the waters of the marsh, which at one moment it borrows, and at another repays with interest.

Henri Quatre was very anxious to reclaim the whole of the marshy lands of France, but met with many obstacles. It appears that he was unable to find among his own subjects any person able or willing to assist his views, and at length he sent to the Netherlands.

"Not having found any of our own subjects," says he, in an edict of 1607, "willing to attempt the enterprise, either on account of the great difficulty, risk, and expense, or from some other cause, we have brought from the Netherlands the *Sieur* Humphrey Bradley, a gentleman of the country of Brabant, and native of Bergen-op-Zoom, our master of dikes, and a personage of great knowledge and experience in draining." Three other men joined with Bradley in

the undertaking, and the association immediately commenced work in different parts of the kingdom. At the Marais Vernier they appear to have begun with considerable spirit; and excavations are seen to this day, eight feet in diameter, known by the name of *abîmes*, and the remains of a construction called the *Digue* and *Maison des Hollandais*. These are the only traces of their labours, which were broken off, as is stated in the edicts, by law-suits and other opposition.

In vain Henri urged them to persevere, and in vain granted them exemption from imposts, and other privileges. In vain he even offered titles of nobility to any twelve among them who were not noble by birth. The Netherlanders could not brook the ungenerous treatment they had received from the lords of the district, and, with the exception of their chief, returned to their own country. Bradley would still have endeavoured to come to some understanding with the "seigneur châtelain et patron" of the marsh, and entered into some negotiations with him for the purpose. The result we only know by the fact, that the attempt at draining was never resumed; and in 1639 the magnanimous master of dikes was no more.

It was afterwards attempted to turn the marsh to some account by extracting from it the fuel called *tourbe*; but the expense of carriage was found to be

too great to admit of any hope of success. Similar operations, notwithstanding, were recommenced in 1825, on a larger scale. Three hundred Picards set to work near the lake of Grand'mare; numerous trunks of trees, both of oak and elm, were dug up; and, for aught we know to the contrary, their labours are continued to this day.

The villages which surround the Marais are poor and ill-constructed; but their situation, and the view they afford, are very striking. Placed on the sides of the semicircular chain of hills, they overlook the vast plain, intersected by canals of water as black as night, with its dead lake in the middle. The ceaseless lowing of cattle feeding on the outskirts, and on some meadows that extend into the interior, as it swells wildly and mournfully on the heavy air, sounds like the voice of Pestilence; and the shrill scream of the sea-birds that hover in thousands over the lake, conveys a kind of superstitious thrill to the heart of the stranger.

The Château du Marais attracts notice only by its common-place character, on a spot where we look for something more than usually striking; but at no great distance to the south, and still nearer the lake, there were seen, till lately, some vestiges of a more ancient and remarkable edifice. This was called the Château du Grand'mare; and on the opposite side of

the marsh, near the modern village of Sainte Opportune, it was confronted by another of a similar character, every stone of which has now disappeared. The latter was called the Vieux Château; but both names, we apprehend, were bestowed by the peasantry after the buildings had fallen into ruin. These two ruins are connected together in popular tradition; and, being unwilling to pass by so remarkable a place without resting for a while, we give the story as the habits of a somewhat unmanageable pen will permit.

At a certain period, which the village chroniclers carry back to the time of Charlemagne, although the story evidently belongs to a much later era, the Marais Vernier belonged, in its whole extent, to two powerful families. The residence of one was the Château de Grand'mare, and that of the other the Vieux Château. The great plain was divided in equal portions between them, as also the fishing of the lake; no retainer of the Vavassours being permitted to cast his nets on the farther side of an ideal line drawn through the middle, and a similar reservation being imposed upon the retainers of Montargis. These regulations were at first productive of many disputes, some of them not unattended by bloodshed; but by degrees the balance of power found its proper level, and for a considerable time before

the date of the tradition we here undertake to repeat, the two families had lived in the same kind of amity which is preserved by neighbouring princes, whose mutual interests keep them at peace.

In those days, indeed, every petty baron resembled a sovereign prince, and the affairs of his estate were managed with all the formality which attends the government of a kingdom. His sons and daughters were bestowed in marriage either as peace-offerings, or as gifts of friendship and alliance; and the youth or maiden who presumed to fancy that the taste or liking of either should be consulted on the occasion, was treated as a rebel to lawful and natural authority. This state of things, it may be said, remains to our day; and perhaps it does—but with far less show of reason. The most violent admirer of romance existing would hardly desire that a princess of the blood should be allowed a liberty of choice; and the damsels of the olden time we speak of were in precisely the same situation as princesses of the blood. The interest, nay, sometimes the very existence, of the family depended upon the disposal of the daughter's hand; and she who allowed her own predilections to interfere, might, therefore, without much injustice, have been termed undutiful.

At any rate, the point was completely understood between the two families more immediately in view.

Several matrimonial alliances had taken place between them, without any symptoms of unwillingness on the part of the betrothed; and now the fair Julie de Montargis, betrothed almost from infancy to Roland de Vavassour, found herself within about a year of her wedding, without any other symptom of emotion than a radiant smile when the idea passed across her mind. Julie, it is told in tradition, was "the most beautiful of the beautiful," and she possessed more especially, in all their lustre, the blue eyes of the Normans. This is a kind of eye with which a woman can speak—all the languages of Babel. The darker orb has more intensity, but you require to understand it previously; the blue eye discourses extempore, and you know what it would say without a key.

Roland de Vavassour had just donned the hauberk of a knight, which, in spite of tradition, places his era nearer us than the tenth century, and fixes his age—supposing him, as is most probable, to have flourished before the decline of chivalry—at twenty-one. He was a fine, manly, handsome youth, and of those ample proportions which befitted the hereditary wearer of several stone of iron. Julie at least believed him to be cast in the true mould of a hero. She dreamt of him at night, and—still more unequivocal symptom—she dreamt of him by day. Roland

himself was of a grave and somewhat melancholy character. The saying of Pierre, that "a soldier's mistress is his religion," was no jest to him. The love of God and of woman seemed to him to be twin sentiments; and in taking upon himself the vows of knighthood, he understood literally that he pledged himself, soul and body, to be true at once to his lady and to the Cross.

The same flight of time, however, which brought nearer the day appointed for the union of the lovers, brought with it, in the first place, the day of their temporary separation. It was the custom in the family of the Vavassours—(which leads us into the eleventh, if not into the twelfth century)—for their sons to signalize their entrance into knighthood, and their sense of the honour to which they had thus attained, by setting out on a course of adventures, which was to extend for a year and a day from their departure from the paternal château. Whether Roland really grieved or not at the circumstance, has escaped the memory of "the oldest inhabitant;" but we have it at least on oral record, that on the day of the assumption, he wept at his mistress's feet the first tears that had stained his cheek of manhood; and set forth, in the character of knight-errant, in quest of honour and hard blows.

Some months passed by, and Julie was incon-

solable. All the habits of her life had been interrupted—her very thoughts required to seek a new channel. She wandered along the borders of the marsh, gazing on the still lake, where she had floated, with Roland by her side, on many a summer's afternoon. She endeavoured to fill up her "waste of feelings unemployed," with new occupations and new favourites; but it would not do. In vain she bestowed the name of Roland upon her best-loved puppy; in vain she sung the songs he had praised, and listened to the echo, endeavouring to fancy it to be his voice. Her solitude of soul seemed to increase; she became more melancholy every moment; and at length she had reached that point of romantic sensibility, at which so many young women of our own intellectual day either throw themselves into the Thames, or quaff such a medicine, that sickness of the stomach is mingled, as we read, with sickness of the heart.

Just at this moment there came a new hero into the field. It was the younger brother of Roland—
younger only by an hour—who had been educated at some ducal court, with the name of which we are unacquainted, and who returned to the comparatively humble abode of his father an accomplished courtier. Claude de Vavassour was received by Julie at once as a friend; she looked upon him as a portion of his

brother; and her heart felt a happy relief in being able to pour forth its feelings into a breast where they would be sure to be received with welcome. As for Claude, he at first beheld the fair rustic with a kind of amused surprise. Her manner was so different from any thing he had been accustomed to, that he looked upon her as a being of another, and possibly lower, species. He sought her society as an amusement, and listened to her rhapsodies just as he listened to the music of the minstrels.

By degrees, however, her society became necessary to him. The echo of her voice lingered in his ear after the sound had departed—the ducal court retreated farther and farther from his vision; and, by and by, the hills which bounded the Marais Vernier became the horizon of his world, and the blue eye of Julie the sun which enlightened it.

This change was for a time imperceptible to Julie; and at last, when she saw it with her eyes, she endeavoured to conceal it from her mind. Claude was her friend, her companion, her confidant—he was the only being to whom she could speak freely; and the day when he was absent from the Vieux Château was a blank to Julie. The tradition goes further, and says that she loved him; but this is nonsense. A woman of pure mind cannot love two men at the same moment, and her love for Roland was too mani-

fest for dispute. We must even confess that the peasant-chroniclers of the Marais affix a certain stigma of lightness to the character of our Julie; and that the portion of the story which relates to her is told as a general satire upon woman and woman's love.

This we can excuse in *them*, on the score of ignorance; but there are other historians, and other story-tellers, to whom we cannot allow the same plea. The man in civilized life who disbelieves in love is capable of atheism! What though we ourselves may never have met with it? Do we not feel that it exists? Are not the evidences of its being engraven on our souls and consciences in the same characters as those which testify the existence of a Deity? It is folly, nay impiety, to say, because we have been abused and deceived ourselves, "there is no love!" Our own hearts give us the lie at the very moment, for love is there. It is the same way with misanthropes, or the disbelievers in human virtue—they are either fools or scoundrels. They either doubt the existence of a quality which they know they do not possess themselves; or, possessing it themselves, they are so boyish as to fancy that it is a peculiar attribute of their own, unshared by the rest of the human race!

As for Julie, she was the friend of Claude, and the

mistress of Roland; but this distinction, which is possible for a woman, is not possible for a man. If we are asked, why? we answer frankly, we do not know. It may be that the heart of a man is naturally more capacious—but that question we shall not enter upon at present. All we say is, that a woman may be the friend of one of our sex, and the mistress of another; and that a man, if he is not the lover of the object of his attentions, can only be a common acquaintance.

Julie, then, conceived a tender and sisterly regard for Claude, and Claude a deep and fervent passion for Julie.

Time went by—"moons rolled on moons away"—the year at length expired, and the day came; and Julie found herself, with beating heart, and flushing cheek, and happy yet anxious eyes, standing by the altar of the little Chapel of Saint Ouen. It was here that the lovers were to meet; it was here that Roland was to deposit the palm-branch he had cut in the woods of Judea; and it was here that, in a few days after, their union was to be celebrated.

The chapel of Saint Ouen, which stood on the site of the present church of that name, was about half a league from the château; and as Julie had walked towards it alone in the dusk of the evening, a certain degree of perplexity had mingled with the flutter of

her thoughts. The deep despondency into which Claude had gradually sunk, as the time approached when his dream was to have an end, had given her not only affliction but remorse; for she could not but be aware that her own conduct towards him had served to foster the passion which she was now about to crush—and with it the heart where it had grown. She remembered with bitterness the selfish facility with which she had yielded herself to a society she found so agreeable, and cursed those minstrel-songs whose witchery had so often induced her to listen, when, in mercy to the singer, she ought to have shut her ears.

On these latter occasions her expressive eyes had unconsciously responded to the strain; and Claude, in an ecstasy of delight, forgot the destiny which severed them. His brother—his brave and noble brother—faded before his love-enchanted view into a shadow; and, even after the intoxication of the moment was over, the idea took possession of his soul, that Julie might yet be his. This consummation could only be brought about by one of two means—the falsehood or death of Roland. The former, Claude (who was a courtier) fancied at times was at least within the pale of possibility; but when he turned his eyes upon the face of his mistress, and heard the accents of a voice which melted in the ear

of the listener, till his whole soul was saturated with sweetness, he acknowledged with a groan, that the man who loved Julie once must love for ever. The other alternative, his rival's death—Claude fled from the imagination as if it had been a spectre. High in honour, noble in mind, he was one of those specimens of knightly loyalty which Tradition and her sister Romance delight to paint; and when the idea crossed his mind, of happiness purchased at the expense of Roland's blood, his cheek blanched, and his heart trembled. Claude, however, though a knight, was still a man. The paleness of his cheek, and the quaking of his heart, were caused not so much by the fact which he contemplated, as by the shame and horror which he felt on discovering that he could contemplate the catastrophe without a brother's grief. Yet he continued, notwithstanding his fits of remorse, to listen to the tales of casualty brought back by pilgrims from the Holy Land; and sometimes, on such occasions, Julie had started in sudden terror, as, on raising her tearful lids, she saw the eager, and almost wolfish, expression of his eyes.

As the day approached, however, Claude lost hope. Intelligence had been received of his brother, who was then at Nicea, on his journey homeward. He had passed unscathed through the dangers of the Moslem country; he had knelt at the holy sepulchre,

with his hand upon the hilt of his sword, and the pennon of his lance pointed against the infidels gathering round like evil spirits; he had cut his palm-branch in triumph from the fairest bough in Palestine; he had won fame and honour in field and tournament; and having acquitted himself in all respects — of faith, courage, and loyalty — as a Christian knight, he was now returning in triumph to receive the reward of his chivalry in the fair hand of Julie.

On the last day of the year, Claude bade adieu to the Vieux Château. Julie was aware that it would be so; and yet his departure gave her pain. She wept as she extended her hand to him; and wept the more when she found that the lips were cold and tremulous to which it was pressed. Claude, however, bore the farewell with knightly pride. He had never spoken of his love, and had sworn never to do so while his brother lived. He mounted his steed, then paused, as if he had forgotten something. Julie raised her head, and their eyes again met; his face was as pale as marble; and the rigid and compressed lips bespoke his internal struggle. She stepped forward, in mingled grief and remorse, and uttered his name: but the young knight only bent his head in answer, and, closing his vizor, rode away.

All these circumstances passed in review before the damsel of Montargis during her twilight walk to

the chapel of Saint Ouen ; but by the time she arose from her knees by the altar, every other thought was lost in the delightful idea, that in a few minutes more she would be in the arms of Roland.

An hour passed away, and she grew restless. She began to pace through the deserted aisle of the chapel, and start at the changing aspect of Saint Ouen, as his statue of white marble gleamed amidst the deepening shadows of evening. The silence was awful. The echo of her light foot ran in whispers along the walls; and she stopped, shuddering. The colours of the western window were still faintly visible, and threw a red stain upon the font beneath, near the door; and here and there a streak of mellowed light, at regular intervals, marked the openings of the lateral windows. The middle of the chapel, however, was filled with shadows; on the opposite wall the spectral head of Saint Ouen shone with a ghastly paleness amidst the gloom; and at the eastern end, the statues of the altar-piece were scarcely visible against the darkened window behind.

Julie felt her heart grow sick. A strange confusion took possession of her faculties; the pavement seemed to open; dead faces stared at her wherever she turned her eyes; her name was pronounced in whispers; and as a chill blast of wind entered the chapel, and swept moaning round the walls, she sunk

down at the foot of an image of the Virgin, near which she had been standing.

The impression upon her mind was, that the western door had opened, and that a funeral procession was in the act of entering! The whole nave seemed to be filled with moving shadows; and the whispering of voices, and the waving of garments, fell distinctly upon her ear. Had the door been really opened to the night wind? And were these things caused by the uncertain light admitted, and the waving of votive offerings and pictures, as the current of air rushed round the building? Julie half raised her head as the supposition suggested itself; but the next moment a new sensation of faintness came over her, as she actually saw a human figure standing in the red light near the font.

The figure advanced; it was that of a man—of a knight, loaded with armour—yet no sound followed his footfalls! As he passed one of the windows, she saw that he bore the red pennon of Sir Roland de Vavassour in one hand, and a palm-branch in the other. Having glided at length as far as the middle of the nave, he stopped and turned his face towards Julie, which gleamed in the surrounding darkness, as white as that of the marble statue of Saint Ouen. A low moan escaped her oppressed heart as she recognised the features of her lover; and the figure,

seeming to fix his eyes upon her, advanced a step. But the next moment, waving his hand mournfully, he crossed his brow and bosom, and glided slowly away towards the altar. Julie fainted.

CHAPTER II.

THE DEAD LAKE.

THE tradition goes on to say, that the damsel of Montargis was delirious for some days after this adventure; and that, even when she had recovered, it was thought improper to run a risk of forcing back on her mind the fatal remembrance, by informing her that a palm-branch had actually been found on the altar! No trace of Sir Roland had been discovered; no knight had been seen in the neighbourhood; the fact was, therefore, certain beyond dispute, that what she had seen was an apparition. Julie, however, required no reasoning to convince her of this. It was the face of no living man she had seen; it was no armed warrior of earth who had glided through the chapel, without producing a sound by his tread. Roland, besides, would not have looked upon his love with those glassy eyes, had his arms been able to press her to his breast. It was, in-

deed, but the form of her gallant knight she had beheld—a shadow from his far and bloody grave; and a week had scarcely elapsed, when sure intelligence was received that he had perished in a storm at sea.

The palm-branch was preserved by the monks as a relic of extraordinary sanctity; and many thought that the warrior, whose spirit had thus performed the vow he had taken in the body, should be admitted into the holy army of the saints. That they were correct is more than probable; for, even without the ceremony of canonization, the relic wrought numerous cures which were justly esteemed miraculous. The gratitude of the common people, however, does not wait to be sanctioned by papal bulls; and many a village maid who had recovered her bloom, withered by the miasma of the marsh, prayed fervently to the supernatural physician; and many a young mother, as she held up her first-born to the palm-branch, invoked and blessed Saint Roland.

In the meantime, the old lord of Vavassour died, and Sir Claude returned to the Marais Vernier, to take possession of the family estates. For a time he grieved sincerely for the death of his brother; but gradually the world brightened before the eyes of the youthful knight. Julie was now his, beyond the intervention of fate; and his family, absorbed in their own selfish feelings, even attempted to push forward

the new union with indecent haste. But Claude did not wish Julie to be merely his wife, but also his lover; and, conscious that she preferred him to any living being, he resolved to await the revival of the crushed flower before he gathered it.

This took place in the due course of nature; but the flower had suffered a change. More beautiful than ever, its beauty was of a softened, grave nature; and its fragrance—before that of the rose and lily intermingled—was now the sweet perfume of the wall-flower growing upon monuments and ruins. This change, however, after a time, was only perceptible to Claude—to him who had explored every depth of her mind, and studied every expression of her countenance. To others she seemed the Julie of former years, only altered from a girl into a woman; and her new gravity of character was looked upon as nothing more than the change which sometimes takes place so suddenly at the age when instinct ripens into reason.

Julie, when her first grief was over, knew that Claude must be her husband; and, far from regretting it, she looked forward with pleasure to the period when their friendship would be so endearingly cemented. Something, however, was due to the dead, and something to the feelings of the living; and she steadily refused to become a wife till she had dedi-

cated a full year to mourning for her lover. Claude, nevertheless, was constantly with her; he was the companion of her walks; he knelt with her at the altar; and by degrees she loved him as well as woman can do, before the ruins of her first idol have completely vanished from the temple of her heart.

The time at length had almost arrived, and the waning year touched upon its close. Preparations were made for celebrating the marriage with all the pomp of the feudal age. This was the grand occasion when the ancient rivalry of the two families broke out, although in a new form; and the question was not of prowess in the field, but of splendour in the hall. Minstrels and jugglers thronged the courts of the two castles; lords and ladies from far and near crowded to the approaching festivities; and many a wandering knight turned out of his road, when he heard the tidings, to claim hospitality either of the Vavassours or Montargis.

The day came at last, and it was ushered in with rain, and storm, and thunder. A sudden damp was cast upon the spirits of every body—and no wonder, for the bravery of the ladies would be spoiled, and the plumes of the gentlemen dangle ungracefully about their ears. The ceremony, however, must go on; preparations were already made at the chapel; the

priests had been in waiting since daybreak ; and processions of monks had arrived from the neighbouring convents, with relics and banners. It was the family custom, however, that the marriage should be celebrated at night, by the light of the holy tapers ; and there was yet time for a change of weather. But the hopes of the party were disappointed. The evening closed in dark and gusty ; and at length the torches were lighted, and the cortège set out, silent and gloomy, for the chapel of Saint Onen.

The nature of the ground precluded the possibility of riding ; but the ladies highest in dignity were carried in litters. Among them Julie went first, with her lover walking by her side. Sir Claude sometimes pressed the hand of his bride, but neither spoke ; they looked round upon the strange scene with a feeling resembling wonder ; and when they saw the torches extinguished one by one by the wind and rain, Julie felt a depression stealing over her heart, which she could not subdue.

“ Claude ! ” said she, at last, faintly.

“ My life ! ”

“ Could not this be deferred even now ? ”

“ It is impossible.”

“ Heaven itself seems against us ! ”

“ You will not think so when we return to the château, and find ourselves surrounded by lights and

merry faces. Cheer up, my love! this is only an accident of the weather. Heaven must be on the side of my Julie, in spite of all the thunder in the clouds!"

"Claude!" said she again; "did you mark that single skiff on the lake, gliding through the red reflection of the torches?"

"I did."

"Had it not a strange appearance?"

"It was a remarkable object in a remarkable scene, Would that we had a painter here!"

"I thought, when I saw it, of the rhyme you once sung to me of that mystic boat which carries the dead across the river of hell!"

"Julie! my own life! you must not give way to such fancies. This is our wedding-night. No mortal crime stains my hand—no evil thoughts my heart; and you, my fairest bride, are as pure as the angels themselves. Why should we fear? Come, give me your hand; lean upon my shoulder, that you may feel that I am near you."

"Do you come in steel gauntlets to a bridal?" exclaimed she, quickly, as she complied.

"Alas, no; but your own hand is so marble-cold that you cannot feel mine aright."

While he was yet speaking, the procession arrived at the chapel-door; and, without order or ceremony,

all hastened into the shelter of the little colonnade. In vain the priests endeavoured to preserve some regularity, and at least form the company into a line on entering the church; but, cold, dripping, and gloomy, they resisted all control, and hurried up to the altar in a confused, and scarcely an amicable, mass. The mortified monks lost all presence of mind. The torches, on which they had depended so much for effect, were not rekindled; and the tapers surrounding the high altar threw only a feeble and flickering light into the body of the church. Worship, however, began; all fell upon their knees; and a deep silence followed the tumult, interrupted only by the chanting of the priests.

When the congregation rose, the exhibition of the relics took place immediately previous to the marriage service; and as each shrine was elevated, every knee touched the earth, every tongue muttered an *ora pro nobis*, and every hand made the sign of the cross upon the brow and bosom. The stranger brotherhoods exhibited first; and then the priests of Saint Ouen came upon the scene. The last relic they held up to the adoration of the multitude was a *palm-branch*.

Julie started at the sight, which recalled so terrible a recollection; but the next moment, detecting in the invocations of the peasantry, who filled the bottom of

the nave, the name of Roland, she looked round in astonishment and dismay.

"Look to the altar, love," whispered Claude; "our bridal service begins!"

"Hush!"

"Julie! dearest Julie!—"

"There! there!"—and, having uttered these words, a scream broke from her lips, so loud and shrill, as to make every heart quake; and before her lover could extend his arms, she fell senseless upon the ground.

She was taken up by her bride-maidens; and Sir Claude, having ascertained by a glance that she was properly cared for, strode fiercely towards the point upon which her eyes had been fixed. This was the statue of Saint Ouen, leaning against which appeared the tall figure of a man, in the dress of a penitent, with his cowl drawn over his face.

"What knave is this," cried Sir Claude, in a paroxysm of passion, "who disturbs the rites of holy church?"

"He is no knave," answered the peasants; "he is the Monk of the Marais!"

"Monk or no monk, he shall play his juggleries here no longer"—and the impetuous knight rushed forward, as if for the purpose of ejecting the supposed offender by main force. The peasants threw themselves in a body between.

“Let us stand by the monk!” cried they, tumultuously, one to the other. “Come, brethren, to the rescue! The Monk of the Marais! The Monk of the Marais!”—and the young knight, bareheaded and unarmed, as were also his comrades, seeing that opposition to such a force was useless, stood still, chafing with fury and disdain. The monk, in the meantime, had remained in precisely the same posture, as if ignorant that he was at all concerned in the tumult around him. He leant with his right arm resting on the drapery of the statue, and his cheek reclining upon his hand. The attitude would have seemed one of mere indolence, had it not been that the left arm hung down powerlessly, and gave the idea of extreme despondence and desolation. Even Claude, when he had considered the figure for some moments, repented of his violence.

“My friends,” said he, “I perceive that this man means no harm; but the health and the nerves of the lady Julie are out of order—his presence disturbs her—I pray you persuade him to depart in peace.”

The monk, as if understanding what he had said, immediately arose from his reclining posture, and gathering his ample cloak around him, walked slowly away, the peasants falling back respectfully, and making a line for him to pass. When he had gained the door of the chapel, he stopped for an instant, and

turned half round ; but the next moment he resumed his slow and stately step, and vanished in the darkness without.

The bride, however, was not to be reassured. She trembled violently, and ever and anon her eyes sought the statue of St. Ouen with so bewildered a gaze, that her friends feared for her intellects. Even the tender whispers of Claude were unavailing. She answered " Yes " and " No " incoherently to his questions ; and at last burst into an hysterical fit of sobbing. It was in vain to persist. The bride was evidently unwell : the couch of sickness must be spread for her, instead of the marriage bed ; and the counsel of the leech sought before that of the priest. The amazed company broke up, and returned as they had come, in gloom and discontent—and so ended the bridals of the Baron of Vavassour and the damsel of Montargis.

Here the tradition, instead of gratifying any reasonable curiosity it may have excited on the subject of the Monk of the Marais, merely states parenthetically that this individual was an ascetic recluse, who had taken up his abode in the middle of the marsh, on the very brink of the lake of Grand'mare. It neither fixes the date of his appearance in the district, nor states whence he came ; but leaves the hearer to conjecture that he was some religious enthusiast, who thought to cheat heaven of its right of chastisement

in the next world, by inflicting on himself all the pains and penalties of sin which the present can afford. His enthusiasm, however, was harmless to others, although dangerous, and perhaps fatal in intent to himself, as the situation of his dwelling sufficiently proved.

The waters of the lake were evidently gaining upon the comparatively firm land—and perhaps at that day they comprehended a much smaller surface than they do now. The banks were raised in some places to a height of many feet, and the poisonous wave below seemed to corrode and eat into their substance, till occasionally huge masses of black earth, breaking off from the body of the marsh, toppled headlong into the deep. When a catastrophe of this kind occurred, the liberated fragment was generally carried far out into the lake by the impetus of its fall; and, being composed of light and spongy earth, united by fibres of plants and branches of decayed trees, it formed a floating island, and swam for several days together. Gradually, however, a separation of its parts took place; piece by piece it mouldered away, and at length wholly disappeared.

In a particular place, one of these masses had detached itself from a spot of promontory ten or twelve feet high, which formed the loftiest part of the bank, but arrested at the water's edge, hung there in a pos-

ture so threatening, that the fishermen, as they passed, made unconsciously a wide sweep round the spot on which it had pleased the hermit to build his solitary hut. Some thought that the site was chosen on account of the shelter which the promontory behind afforded; but all remarked, as a very strange and even awful circumstance, that although every month some fragment fell, this, which had appeared the nearest to such a consummation of them all, still retained its position. It seemed as if the sanctity of the recluse protected the very earth on which his hut was built! He was sometimes seen abroad, and even Julie and Claude had occasionally passed him in their walks; but the hermit neither raised his cowl nor his head. It may easily be conceived, that a man of this kind needed only to die to become as good a saint as Roland himself; but in the meantime, awaiting such a catastrophe, the peasants took care that, at all events, he should not perish for want of food. Their gifts were thrown at arm's length from the bank; but the master of the hut, so far from coming forth to thank them, if he saw them approach at a distance, retired into his lair like a wild beast.

In the middle of the night of the interrupted nuptials, Julie, having fallen into a profound sleep, was left alone by her attendants, in the hope that when they returned, they should find her almost well!

both in body and mind. Her malady, they knew, required only rest and kindness; for it was evidently nothing more than a weakness incidental to the female constitution. She had been placed in a new and momentous situation; the storm and thunder with which the night was ushered in had affected powerfully her sensibilities; the view of the palm-branch had called up before her mind's eye the awful vision she had seen on that very spot; and the spectral form of Saint Ouen catching her view at the instant—or, perhaps, even the muffled figure of the poor monk—had completed the overturn of her equilibrium. The attendants, shading the night-taper from the invalid's eyes, carefully closed the door, and retired into an ante-room, to watch there for the rest of the night.

The sleep of Julie did not last long. She started up in the bed, and looked wildly round the room, as if in search of some person; then, pressing her hand to her hot forehead, appeared to endeavour to call to mind what had passed. Soon after, she arose noiselessly, and creeping across the room, listened at the door. All was quiet. She then hastily caught up some articles of dress, which she put on with feverish impatience; and adding, over all, apparently in the confusion of her mind, the splendid nuptial-robe of the preceding evening, contemplated her appearance

for a moment in the mirror. A smile passed across her face as she observed the fever-bloom on her cheek, and the fire of delirium in her eye; and then, throwing open the casement, she leaped with the lightness of a bird upon the ledge of the window, and crept down the broken stones of a buttress into the court.

"Queen of heaven!" cried the warder at the postern gate, as she presented herself; "what means this, dear lady?"

"I have a vow!" said she calmly. "If unfulfilled this night, I shall see no sun of to-morrow. I am your lord's daughter; I am your foster-sister. Open, I command and entreat you!" The warder obeyed reluctantly; but after she was gone, he appeared to be seized with a panic, and reopening the gate, looked after her into the night.

"No!" said he, with a sigh of relief, as he saw her take the path to the chapel of Saint Ouen; "her errand is not to destroy her body, but to benefit her soul. God and the Virgin be her comfort! Holy Saint Ouen pray for her! Amen!"—and so saying, he retired again and closed the door; resolving, however, to prevent the possibility of accident, to let some of the family know of her nocturnal excursion, as soon as a change of guard took place.

Julie, in the meantime, when she had advanced far enough in the path to be concealed from observation

by the trees, changed her route; and, circling round a thickly planted eminence, darted, with the fleetness of a deer, to the bank of the Grand'mare. A single small skiff was moored to a little quay constructed by the fishermen, the rest of the boats lying at a distant village. She untied the line, as one accustomed to such employment, and leaping lightly into the vessel, seized an oar, and made it glide through the water like a swan.

The rain was now completely over, and only the remains of the storm moaned in hollow-sounding gusts along the lake; while the moon, appearing fitfully through the broken rack, one moment wrapped the waters in light, and the next left them in the blackest gloom. Sometimes the vast level of the marsh, undistinguished in the obscurity, seemed only a portion of the Grand'mare; and an idea of loneliness, united with that of immensity, was produced, resembling the impression which thrills our souls when voyaging, far from all view of the land, on the bosom of the mighty ocean. Julie felt the fever of her blood abate as she gazed around, and the night-wind appeared to cool her throbbing temples and burning bosom. A sensation of awe stole over her mind, and her feelings, if not less deep, became more tranquil.

The skiff now approached the promontory of black earth, beneath which she could distinguish, though

imperfectly, the hanging fragment, and the hut of the hermit-monk. She laid down the oar gently, and allowed the little vessel to glide undirected through the deepening shadow. Protected from the influence of the gust, the lake here was smooth and silent; and no sound announced the visitor's approach, save the gentle rippling of the water at the prow of the boat. She lauded, and knocked with a trembling hand at the door of the hut.

There was no answer.

"Father!" said she, at length, in a broken and timid voice. There was a sudden stir within, like that of one who starts in terror from his repose.

"Father!" she repeated, almost in a whisper. She trembled from head to foot, and leant helplessly against the wall.

"Who is there?" demanded the monk, in a low and husky tone.

"A penitent! a wanderer! an outcast of Heaven! Counsel me—help me—uphold the steps of my despair—or I am lost!"

The door opened, and the monk slowly came forth. His head was uncovered; and, as the moonlight fell upon his pale and haggard features, Julie tottered back.

"What would you, lady?" said he—"Lo! I am here." She wrung her hands in speechless anguish.

“Why gaze in such astonishment? Do you marvel that disappointment should have withered my heart—that suffering should have drunk up my yet young blood—that despair should have dimmed my eye?”

“And this for me!”

“Ay, for you! It was weakness—no matter. I loved you—even to sin—even to idolatry! You were my only—my all—”

“For me!—For me!”—and she threw herself on her knees before him, and clasped his hand, and covered it with tears and kisses. He in vain endeavoured to raise her. One moment she gazed in his wan face, and the next examined his pale thin hand: “It was all for me!” she cried—“O Roland! Roland!” and broke anew into a fit of passionate weeping.

“Julie,” said De Vavassour, in a strong agitation—“Lady!—I was not prepared for this. All things else I could have met with fortitude.—Spare me—spare me, I entreat!”

“Spare you?” exclaimed she, suddenly rising—“And is it to Julie that Roland says ‘Spare me?’ I would have nursed you in my arms, even as a young mother nurses her first-born; I would have begged for you through the world; I would have stood by your side in battle, and received you in my lap when you fell; your last sigh would have escaped upon my

lips; and, having hidden your beloved head under the earth, I would have laid me down and died upon your grave!"

Roland clasped her in his arms; he hid his face on her neck; for some time his chest heaved convulsively and in silence; but at length the soldier's pride gave way—he sobbed aloud, and Julie felt that her shoulder was wet with burning tears.

They sat down upon the ground, and a hasty and abrupt conversation made each acquainted with what had passed.

"I escaped as if by miracle," said Roland, "from the devouring waters, when all else were swallowed up, and made my way alone to the valley of the Marais, a week before the expiration of the year and day. My vow being unfulfilled, I could not present myself to my kindred before the time; but wandered at nightfall around the Vieux Château like a spirit. At every peasant's hut, as I listened for tidings by the door, I heard surmises of your infidelity; and with my own eyes I saw enough to carry conviction into the breast of a long-absent lover. The night of our promised meeting, however, would determine my fate; and when the evening fell, I commenced my watch near the château. No lights, however! no preparations!—all was dark—all was silence and solitude around."

“ Dreadful mistake ! ” exclaimed Julie — “ I was by that time in the chapel, being unwilling that our first meeting should take place, in the usual custom, before a crowd.”

Sir Roland shuddered.

“ When I reached the chapel of Saint Ouen, I believed it to be utterly deserted ; but lest, perchance, some lonely penitent might be within, I pulled off my boots before entering—for already the cloud had come upon my spirit, and I had determined to retire for ever from the world, and break off all communication with my own species. Something stirred, methought, near the image of Our Lady—”

“ Alas ! alas ! It was I ! ”

“ You ! Mysterious Heaven ! I passed on, supposing it to be the creature of fancy ; I deposited my palm-branch on the altar ; left the chapel as silently as I had entered—and, lo ! I am here ! ”

Julie’s tale was told as simply.

“ Do you love Claude ? ” said De Vavassour, after a pause when she had finished.

“ I do—as my friend, and your brother.”

“ Could you have loved him as a husband—as a lover, had you remained in ignorance of my fate ? ”

She paused for a moment before replying, and then said with simplicity—

“ It may be that I could. They say that the heart

loves twice; but I cannot tell. Claude is worthy of a woman's love—he is brave, generous, and lofty in mind.”

“And is he beautiful?” said Roland, with emotion. “Is he tall and graceful? Is he high-spirited and light-hearted as he was when a boy?—Companion of my cradle! O, my brother! my twin brother!” He covered his face with his hands for some moments.

“Julie,” said he at length, “it is time to separate. Go back as you came, and endeavour, if possible, to gain your chamber unobserved. You shall hear from me in the morning.”

She rose hastily, and springing to the water's edge, spurned the light skiff into the lake with her foot. It darted out beyond the shadow of the promontory, and, being caught in the gust, drifted towards the opposite bank.

“This is my place,” said she, returning; “here I remain till my family come to seek me—I shall be found under the protection of my husband.”

“Rash girl!” exclaimed Roland, almost sternly—“you have destroyed my brother! Why wither his young and happy heart, to revive a ruin like mine? How can I return into a world where I must be received by the curses of him who shared with me the milk of the same breast?”

“Where are your arms?” said Julie. “For shame!”

throw off your cowl, and don the knight—and your gloom will vanish like a cloud from the face of yonder heaven! Men may call me a light-o'-love if they will; but here, in the silence of night, and on this lonely spot, will I buckle on the first armour of the Baron de Vavassour!"

And so saying, she ran into the hut, and, taking down his coat-of-mail and its appurtenances, clothed him, with a playful force, in his suit of steel.

"What sound is that?" said she, starting, when she had finished.

"It is the sound of rushing steps along the marsh, and of leaping across its wide and deep chasms."

"Pray Heaven, then, it be only my foster-brother!"

"They are the steps of a man in armour—of a knight!"

Julie clasped the hand of her lover, trembling. It was only then the true nature of her situation broke upon her mind! The next moment Claude looked down over the brink of the promontory.

"Julie!" cried he, "my life! are you safe?"

He stopped short; for he saw his mistress in the arms of a knight!

"Hold, madman!" shouted Roland.

But it was too late; Claude had already taken the fatal leap; he landed with a heavy fall upon the fragment on which they stood; and, breaking away

from its insecure hold, it plunged sullenly, and then floated out into the lake. The two knights contrived to support their mistress, although the whole party were nearly precipitated into the gulf.

"Behold your brother!" said Julie.

"Claude!"

"Roland! Alive! O God, what a meeting!"

"We are sinking—we shall be lost!" exclaimed Julie.

"May Heaven forbid!" replied De Vavassour; "yet we cannot all be saved. Our spongy vessel, saturated by the torrents of rain which fell to-day, will separate in another moment, if not relieved of a part of its load. Farewell, sweet Julie; farewell, beloved brother! When lightened of this weight of armour, and the useless limbs it covers, your raft will in all probability float till you receive assistance from the shore." And so saying, he would have leaped into the lake, had he not been caught at the same moment by Claude and Julie.

"Roland," said the former calmly, "your life would be a useless sacrifice, for I now feel that Julie never can be mine;" and with a sudden spring he had almost cleared the edge. A struggle took place between the brothers, which might have seemed to a spectator to have been a hostile combat; while Julie, filling the air with her screams, clung to the necks

of both. The consequence may be foreseen. The frail raft began to separate beneath their feet, piece by piece.

The inmates of the Vieux Château, who had been alarmed by the warder, were by this time astir; but there was no boat nearer than half a league. Torches were seen flying in every direction along the shore, their reflection contrasting in the water with that of the pale beams of the moon. The alarm-bell began to toll, and was answered from the neighbouring châteaux; and a bale-fire blazed up from the keep, which produced a corresponding flame, at nearly regular distances, all round the valley of the marsh. Village and château were alike deserted by their inhabitants, who rushed down half-naked to the shores of the dead lake. Boats were manned on the instant; and where there were no boats, stout swimmers plunged into the tide. Some of them turned back in despair; others continued for a time to traverse the black waters—which now exhibited no trace of their victims, save here and there a fragment of earth drifting with the breeze.

THE KAISER'S FEAST.

LOUIS, Emperor of Germany, having put his brother, the Palsgrave Rodolphus, under the ban of the empire, (in the 12th century,) that unfortunate Prince fled to England, where he died in neglect and poverty. After his decease, his mother, Matilda, privately invited his children to return to Germany; and by her mediation, during a season of festivity, when Louis kept wassail in the Castle of Heidelberg, the family of his brother presented themselves before him in the garb of suppliants, imploring pity and forgiveness. To this appeal the victor softened.—MISS BENDER'S *Memoirs of the Queen of Bohemia*.

THE Kaiser feasted in his hall,
The red wine mantled high;
Banners were trembling on the wall,
To the peals of minstrelsy:
And many a gleam and sparkle came
From the armour hung around,
As it caught the glance of the torch's flame,
Or the hearth with pine-boughs crown'd.

Why fell there silence on the chord
Beneath the harper's hand?
And suddenly, from that rich board,
Why rose the wassail-band?
The strings were hush'd—the knights made way
For the queenly mother's tread,

As up the hall, in dark array,
Two fair-hair'd boys she led.

She led them ev'n to the Kaiser's place,
And still before him stood ;
Till, with strange wonder, o'er his face
Flush'd the proud warrior-blood :
And "Speak, my mother! speak!" he cried,
"Wherefore this mourning vest?
And the clinging children by thy side,
In weeds of sadness drest?"

"Well may a mourning vest be mine,
And theirs, my son, my son!
Look on the features of thy line
In each fair little one!
Tho' grief awhile within their eyes
Hath tamed the dancing glee,
Yet there thine own quick spirit lies—
Thy brother's children see!

"And where is he, thy brother, where?
He, in thy home that grew,
And smiling, with his sunny hair,
Ever to greet thee flew?
How would his arms thy neck entwine,
His fond lips press thy brow!

My son! oh, call these orphans thine—
Thou hast no brother now!

“What! from their gentle eyes doth nought
Speak of thy childhood's hours,
And smite thee with a tender thought
Of thy dead father's towers?
Kind was thy boyish heart and true,
When rear'd together there,
Thro' the old woods like fawns ye flew—
Where is thy brother—where?

“Well didst thou love him then, and he
Still at thy side was seen!
How is it that such things can be,
As tho' they ne'er had been?
Evil was this world's breath, which came
Between the good and brave!
Now must the tears of grief and shame
Be offer'd to the grave.

“And let them, let them there be pour'd!
Tho' all unfelt below,
Thine own wrung heart, to love restor'd,
Shall soften as they flow.
Oh! death is mighty to make peace;
Now bid his work be done!

So many an inward strife shall cease—
Take, take these babes, my son!"

His eye was dimm'd—the strong man shook
With feelings long suppress'd;
Up in his arms the boys he took,
And strain'd them to his breast.
And a shout from all in the royal hall
Burst forth to hail the sight;
And eyes were wet, midst the brave that met
At the Kaiser's feast that night.

HEMANS.

THE VINE.

THE Vine, the fruitful vine, that spreads its luxuriant foliage, and throws out its wiry tendrils, and hangs forth its clusters to the mellowing sunbeams, will not be passed by at this season of sweet recollections. It brings before me, in most vivid portraiture, a scene never to be forgotten, nor ever to be recalled without a glow of heart, which, to be sure, I cannot hope to communicate to my readers, though most of them will be able to conceive how little peril I am in of overstating the matter, when they have the particulars, which I will faithfully relate.

It was on a very bright and gladsome morning that

I set out, accompanied by my own, my precious brother, and his little girl, and my dumb boy, on an excursion fraught with very delightful anticipations. We reached the end of our journey, and were ushered into a room well furnished with books, adorned with tasteful prints, and wearing the aspect, yea, breathing the very soul of elegant retirement, hallowed into something far beyond the reach of this world's elegancies. At the further end of the apartment was a recess, almost of sufficient size to be called an additional room, thrown boldly forward beyond the line of the building, and forming, in four compartments, one large semi-circular window, scarcely a pane of which was unadorned by some stray leaf or tendril of the vine, that rested its swelling bunches in profusion against the glass. Beyond, the eye might find much of sylvan beauty whereon to rest: but, to me, no attraction lay *beyond* it; for, in the light and cheerful little sanctuary, there sat a lady, whose snow-white locks—"a crown of glory"—shaded, or rather brightened a countenance so beaming with love, that the sentiment of reverential humility was at once absorbed in that of endeared fellowship with one who evidently sought no homage, nor claimed superiority over the lowest of her Saviour's followers.

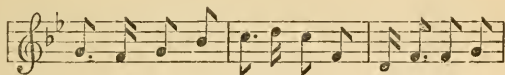
That lady was Hannah More.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

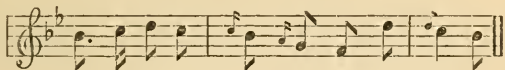
To the Woodlark.



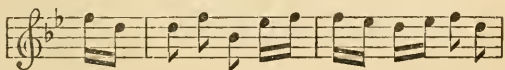
O stay, sweet war - bling wood - lark stay, Nor



quit for me the trem-bling spray, A hap-less lov-er



courts thy lay, Thy sooth - ing, fond com - plain - ing.



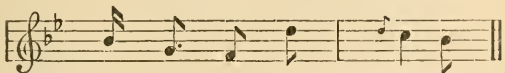
A - gain, a - gain that ten - der part, That



I may catch thy melt - ing art; For



sure - ly that would touch her heart, Wha



kills me wi' dis - dain - ing

TO THE WOODLARK.

Music on page 91.

O STAY, sweet warbling woodlark stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray,
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing, fond complaining
Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art;
For surely that would touch her heart,
Wha kills me wi' disdaining.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
Oh! nought but love and sorrow join'd,
Sic notes o' wo could wauken.
Thou tells o' never-ending care;
O' speechless grief, and dark despair;
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
Or my poor heart is broken!

BURNS.

THE MARTYRDOM OF GEORGE WISHART.

HIS dying testimony was contained in the following prayer:—"O immortal God, how long wilt thou suffer the ungodly to exercise their fury upon thy servants, which do further thy word in this world? Whereas the ungodly, on the contrary, seek to destroy the truth, whereby thou hast revealed thyself to the world, . . . O Lord we know certainly that thy true servants must needs suffer, for thy name's sake, persecutions, afflictions, and troubles in this present world; yet we desire that thou wouldst preserve and defend thy Church which thou hast chosen before the foundation of the world, and to be thy true servants in this present life."

When he was going to the stake, two friars met him, who would have persuaded him to pray to our lady to mediate for him; to whom he meekly said: "Cease, tempt me not, I entreat you." And so, with a rope about his neck, and a chain about his middle, he was led to the stake, where, falling upon his knees, he thrice repeated the following words: "O thou Saviour of the world, have mercy upon me. Father of heaven, I commend my spirit into thy holy hands."

Then turning to the people, he said: Christians, brethren, and sisters, I beseech you be not offended at the word of God, for the torments which you see prepared for me; I exhort you that you love the word of God for your salvation, and suffer patiently and with a comfortable heart for the word's sake, which is your undoubted salvation and everlasting comfort. I pray you also to exhort my brethren and sisters, who have often heard me, that they cease not to learn the word of God, which I taught them, according to the measure of grace given to me, for no persecution or trouble in this world whatsoever; and show them that the doctrine is not an old wife's fable, but the truth of God; for if I had taught men's doctrine, I had obtained greater thanks from men: but for the word of God's sake I now suffer, not sorrowfully, but with a glad heart and mind. For this cause I was sent into the world, that I should suffer this fire for Christ's sake. Behold my face, ye shall not see me change my countenance. I fear not the fire. If persecution come to you for the word's sake, I pray you, fear not them that kill the body, and have no power to kill the soul."

Then he prayed for them that accused him, saying, "I beseech thee, Father of heaven, forgive them that, from ignorance, or an evil mind, have forged lies of me: I forgive them with all my heart. I beseech

Christ to forgive them that have condemned me this day ignorantly." Then, turning to the people again, he said, "I beseech you, brethren, exhort your prelates to learn the word of God, that they may be ashamed to do evil, and learn to do good; or else there shall come upon them the wrath of God, which they shall not eschew."

Then the executioner, upon his knees, said, "Sir, I pray you forgive me, for I am not the cause of your death:" and he, calling him to him, kissed his cheek, saying, "Lo, here is a token that I forgive thee: my heart, do thine office."

He was then fastened to the stake, and the fire kindled. The captain of the castle approaching him, bade him be of good courage, and prayed him to beg for him the pardon of his sin; to whom Mr. Wishart said, "This fire torments my body, but no whit abates my spirits."

Then, looking towards Cardinal Beaton, who was at a high window, feasting his eyes on the execution, he said, "He who in high state, from that high place, feeds his eyes with my torments, within few days shall be hanged out at the same window, to be seen with as much ignominy as he now leans there with pride;" which came exactly to pass. And then his breath being stopped, he was consumed by the fire, in the year 1546.

MARY ALLAN.

THE interest which every sensitive mind feels in Highland scenery, does not arise merely from the bold and striking features which inert matter assumes in mountain landscapes. There is doubtless much that is fascinating in the outlines of natural scenery of the wildest kind; in the long lines of hill and upland, and the rich variety of wood and water; in the dark frowning masses of bare mountain cliff, which bound the view on every side; and the picturesque variety of flood, and lake, and plantation, which fill up the deep and beautiful straths. The feeling, however, has a deeper foundation. When we step on Highland ground, we feel that we are treading a land which is consecrated by the recollections of love and heroism; we breathe, as it were, the fresh air of freedom; and our imagination dwells on the nameless majestic deeds which have signalized, from time immemorial, the "land of the mountain and the flood." I never have ascended a Highland eminence, without being irresistibly oppressed with high and indefinite feelings of power and awe. Hill and dale, and rock and stream, seem pregnant with

the images of sublime and stirring antiquity; and those very fields, from which every trace of "other times" has long departed, appear yet haunted by a dim and majestic shadow of former renown. Different minds necessarily feel those impressions with different degrees of vivacity; but that mind must have very scanty resources of deep and solemn thoughtfulness within itself, which can derive no warm and glowing lessons from our high hills and our deep glens, or which can reflect upon them the beautiful association of no sweet or romantic legend.

The simple tale which I am now to relate is one of those which throws a consecrating light on the scene which witnessed it; and though its simple incidents happened within the memory of man, they breathe so much of the spirit of the "olden time," that to me, at least, they are invested with a considerable portion of that sacredness, which only remote antiquity can, in its widest extent, bestow.

Strath-Almond is one of the most lonely of those mountain defiles which intervene between the high ground of the north of this kingdom. The summits of the hills which encircle it are covered over entirely with black moss and heath, and their sides, except in a few plots, where some hardy evergreens contrive to struggle out a melancholy existence, are nothing but successive ridges of bare rock. The

only spots where the hand of cultivation is at all visible, are here and there on the banks of the wild brawling stream, which rambles along the bottom of the defile; and these are rare, being only a few acres of arable ground around the pastoral huts which are scattered, at long intervals, at the bottom of the hills.

Mary Allan was an only daughter of one of the inhabitants of this mountain retreat, and was considered, as well from her superior education, as from the grace and beauty of her person, the female ornament of the valley. John Allan, her father, was the wealthiest and most respectable shepherd, or rather farmer, in the Strath; and Mary, therefore, was not neglected by the rustic gallants who were aware of the value of a beautiful wife and a bountiful dowry. The only youth, however, who succeeded in making any impression on Mary's heart was William Lee, then a farm-servant of her father's, but who latterly exchanged

Following the plough upon the mountain side,

for the more heroic occupation of following the arms of his native country, in the plains of the New World. The cause of this change was his aspiring to the hand of the Highland maiden, who was generally beloved. The marked civilities paid by Mary

to the lowest of her father's servants, could not fail to attract the attention as well as to excite the alarm of the youthful suitors, who had an eye to John Allan's flocks, as well as his daughter's person; and long time did not elapse before this unfortunate young man became the object of the resentment of all the wealthy youth of the glen. His situation was at last rendered so irksome, that he determined to leave the place of his nativity, and availing himself of the opportunity afforded by a recruiting party, who paraded a neighbouring town, without taking leave of his mistress, he accepted the king's bounty, and set sail for the destination of his regiment, from which it is believed he never returned.

The grief of Mary for this sudden and unexpected departure of her lover was almost insupportable; but she was obliged to cherish it in silence and secrecy. Her suitors having got so easily rid of their dangerous rival, lost no time in plying all their efforts to get her fettered in the bonds of matrimony. Her father, fond of her to distraction, was too anxious to see his daughter well settled in life, to be long in complying with the unremitted solicitations of so many lovers; and at last she was united, at his wish, and contrary to her own inclinations, to one of the young men who was considered rather opulent, and

who had been most active in persecuting the unhappy William Lee. Many of the old people in the glen still remember the bridal of Mary Allan; and often have I heard its ceremonies dolefully chaunted over by a venerable grandame, for the instruction of a group of little urchins, who were eagerly crowding round a wintry ingle side, with gaping earnestness, to listen to them.

"I ne'er could think it a good sign," said old Margaret Alison to me, the last time I went to inquire respecting Mary's only surviving child,— "I ne'er could think it was owre gude a sign," said she, —assuming a look of mysterious solemnity, that seemed put on for the purpose of impressing her auditor with an idea of her superior capacity,— "when the salt tears streamed down frae the bonnie bride's face on the green graves i' the kirk-yard."

"And that," continued Elspeth Mathers, in the same solemn tone, "on the very first Sabbath she was kirkit—and a bonny sunny Sabbath it was."

"Wha but kens," said a third gossip, "that cauld tears and new opened graves are nae mair canty than winding sheets and death-signs; and weel I wot, Mary, that's now dead and gone, kens the truth o't."

Mary certainly felt comfortless and unhappy with

her husband; but either from motives of prudence, or from simple and artless notions of married life, she never expressed by her conduct any of her regrets or grievances. The affection which she showed towards her husband was, however, merely assumed. Her heart, in spite of herself, was still with William Lee, beyond the Atlantic, fighting the battles of his country; and often has she been surprised in tears, with no mortal beside her, on the banks of the Lorn stream, where William and she first plighted their youthful vows.

The secret evil which preyed at Mary's heart was not, however, always to lurk concealed. Her spirits began gradually to deepen into a settled melancholy, and her health at last to exhibit a visible alteration. Instead of the high-hearted, smiling girl, that was wont to be seen tripping to the kirk on a spring Sabbath, decked out in all the gaudy finery of rustic life, you might now witness a pale, wasted figure, clothed in the simplest attire, and exhibiting the most chastened deportment; and she who, heretofore, had been always foremost at the May-day sport, or the harvest merry-making, was now never seen but sitting lonely in the chimney corner, or wandering, like a disconsolate and broken-hearted widow, by the unfrequented banks of the brook, or among the desolate and melancholy heather.

This alteration could not long escape the penetration of Mary's husband; and instead of softening, it had the effect of rendering still more unendurable his naturally sour and unamiable disposition. It would be needless, and it would be endless, to attempt recounting the different ways in which this savage and unfeeling man betrayed his coarse ill-humour. Suffice it to say, that it grew to such excess, that at last the meek and passive Mary could no longer bear it.

The sun had set in a chill and drizzling evening of spring, when this brutal monster came home in a state of intoxication. His natural temper, in addition to being stimulated by the strong liquors of which he had drank copiously, was rendered tenfold more caustic and irritable by the news which had been brought him, during the day, of the unexpected death of John Allan, without any legacy in his favour. In the most unfeeling manner he told Mary of the death of her father; and in the same breath upbraided her with the disappointment he had suffered in not falling heir to his property. This was too much for the already broken-hearted Mary; and she decided upon taking that resolution which had often occurred to her, but which till then she had never seriously determined to carry into execution. Cold and comfortless as the night was, she

sallied forth ; and, clothed almost in rags, bade an eternal adieu to the detested scene of her connubial misery.

That long night the hapless Mary Allan never closed her eyes in slumber. Alone and unprotected—labouring under decline—without clothes—without sustenance, she pursued, at the cheerless dead of night, a wild, unfrequented path, which she would, in other circumstances, not have ventured to tread alone in summer and in sunshine. Not a human step once in a twelvemonth crossed that howling wilderness ; and in the minds of a simple pastoral people, it was associated with the personifications of a wild and romantic superstition. Surely some power more than human watched that live-long night over the gentle traveller, and ministered that strength and courage without which she must have sunk on the desolate moor. Mary's strength, however, had not long to undergo so flinty a probation. The last shade of evening which she was to witness in this world, had already closed around her ; and, with another setting sun, she was to sink into her long last slumber, and to mingle with the clods, over which her wearied limbs now scarcely supported her.

I shall never forget the incidents of the day which closed this hapless female's humble history. At the

boundary of that dreary extent of heath, over which Mary Allan wandered, there is a neat cottage, connected with some plots of cultivated ground, then possessed by a David Laidlaw, with whom I was intimately acquainted. The traveller will easily distinguish it from the other cottages, which, like gems in a desert, people this interminable solitude, and give animation to the lonely moor, by its being built upon a green sloping upland, from which it commands a fine prospect of the Almond, as it widens into the loch of the same name. To that beloved house I was wont to go on a tour every returning spring time; and many a gleesome holiday have I spent, in roaming with its happy inmates over the long moor, when spangled with all the garish blossoms of spring, seeking for the nest of the green linnet among the resplendent broom and the scented whins. The day to which I allude was devoted to one of those boyish rambles; we had left the cottage, after an early breakfast, with the intention of visiting a mountain cataract that was distant among the hills. The aspect of the morning was enchanting; there had fallen during the night a considerable quantity of rain; and the vapour, which was steaming from the tepid earth, under the radiance of the morning sun, had formed itself into a soft and silvery wreath of mist, which hung like a rich mantle over the face of

the landscape. There was scarcely a breath of air; and as we turned off into the wide common, the birds on the neighbouring furze were beginning to chant sweet hymns to the sunshine; and the smell of the moistened furze came mellowed to us from the glens, on which the bright mist still lay slumbering. As the sun rose higher, the vapour gradually floated up to heaven; and before we had reached the lynn of Langholme, the sun was high above the clear blue air of noon, and the landscape on every side spread out to the eye many a long line of wild moss and bright heath flowers, sleeping as silently and as festally beneath the radiant heaven as on a Sabbath of summer. All that day we roamed up and down the romantic dells; and the aslant beams of the evening sun were lightly twinkling through the leaves of the woods, ere we ever once thought of returning to the cottage of our friends.

It was on our return that we had the melancholy satisfaction of rescuing the heroine of this tale from an unseen death. We found her lying under a rugged hedge, apparently in a dying state, sheltered by two lonely sycamores, which seemed also to be far advanced in the winter of their existence. Exhausted with fatigue, it appeared she had sat down under their branches, and had insensibly fallen asleep; and the dampness of her clothes, which were shaded from

the influence of the spring sun, by the boughs, had contributed, along with the coldness of the night, to accelerate the fatal effects of a malady which had been for a long period gradually, though imperceptibly, undermining her health. In that dead sleep we bore her to the cottage of our friend, which fortunately was at no great distance. It was not till almost every restorative that could be suggested was employed, that she showed the slightest symptoms of returning animation. Young as I then was, I yet remember the pale young woman, evidently in the agony of death, casting her mild blue eyes wildly around the room, and on the countenances watching her. Her countenance, though deadly pale, was singularly expressive and touching; and it was lighted up every now and then by a passing hectic flush, which seemed to impart a momentary warmth and animation to features now verging fast towards settled iciness. It was evident to all that the hand of death was on her; and I could see, from the mournful and resigned countenances of my friends, who hung over the bed as if she had been an only daughter of their own, that no hope was entertained of her recovery.

“Carry me to my William!” muttered the hapless Mary, in a mild, faint tone; and as she spoke, I fancied I could mark a faint sign of reviving anima-

tion flitting across her white features; "carry me to my William!" she repeated.

"Poor innocent!" said Mrs. Laidlaw; "you will never be carried again but to the kirk-yard."

The hectic flush which animated Mary's sallow countenance, was only the bright gleam that presages total extinction. Before we had time to note it, it was gone; and the spirit that produced it was gone along with it.

The third day after, which was the Sabbath, was the day of Mary's funeral. Not a relative came to assist in conveying her remains to the burying-ground. Unknown and strange hands were to let down her coffin into the dust; and she, whom, in the bloom of her maidenhood, all the young and sprightly thought themselves honoured in attending, could not obtain one beloved hand to perform this last office to her memory. But Mary, thy sleep was not less peaceful, though no company of relatives bore thee to thy lowly dwelling; and the wild flowers shall spring as sweetly and the summer shall shine as brightly on the green turf that wraps thy grave, as though loving and conjugal tears had been shed on it. Never was there a sweeter Sabbath; the sun was beaming with all its brilliancy on the green pastoral hills over which we bore her to the place of her final rest; and the sweet and simple beauty of the wild flowers that decked the

solitude, shed over the scene a peacefulness that imparted much of its character to the mind. I know nothing more touching than carrying a young and beautiful female to her final rest, in the green smiling beauty of the spring time. The festal descriptions which poets have interwoven with their immortal hymns, scattering bright flowers on the graves of infancy and beauty, seem all completely realised in imagination; and the thoughts that arise in the calm and mellowed spirit are so holy, and yet so solemn,—so mournful, yet so full of calm joy,—that they seem as foretastes given us of the happiness of the spirit that has burst its clayey tenement.

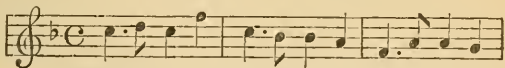
On such a day were the remains of Mary Allan committed to the dust. Every spring, for several years afterwards, I visited the place of her repose; and the last time I was there, “green was the churchyard,—beautiful and green;” the flowers were springing in beauty all around her grave.

C. L.

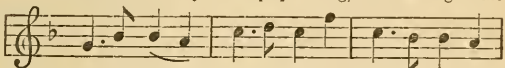
When the Rosy Morn Appearing.

TRIO—From the Opera of 'Rosina.'

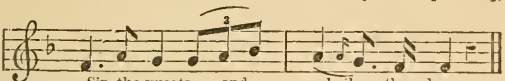
ROSINA.



When the ro - sy morn ap - pear - ing, Paints with gold the

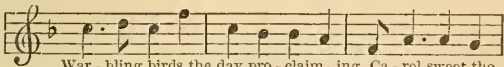


ver - dant lawn; Bees on banks of thyme dis - port - ing,

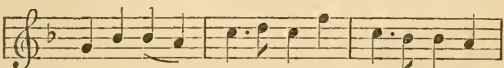


Sip the sweets and hail the dawn.

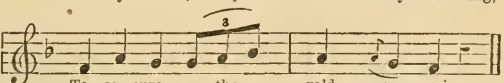
PHOEBE.



War - bling birds the day pro - claim - ing, Ca - rol sweet the

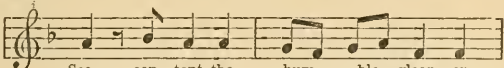


live - ly strain; They for - sake their leafy dwell - ing,

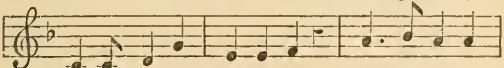


To se - cure the gold - en grain.

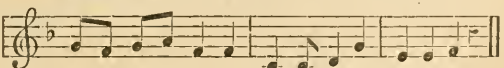
WILLIAM.



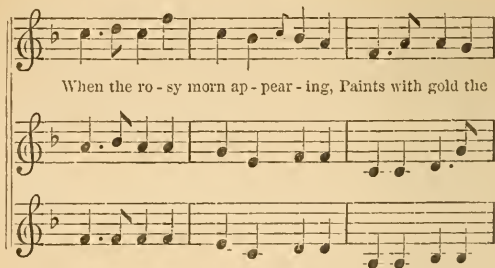
See con - tent the hum - ble glean - er,



Take the scat - ter'd cars that fall; Na - ture all her

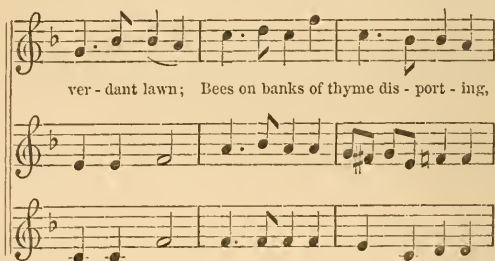


chil - dren view - ing, Kind - ly bounteous cares for all.



When the ro - sy morn ap - pear - ing, Paints with gold the

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff contains the melody, which begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics 'When the ro - sy morn ap - pear - ing, Paints with gold the' are written below the first staff.



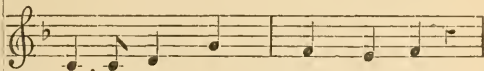
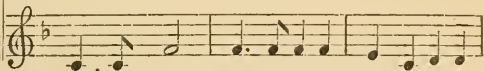
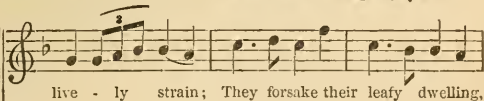
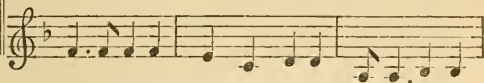
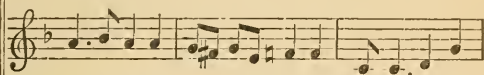
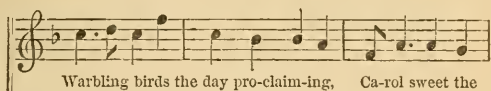
ver - dant lawn; Bees on banks of thyme dis - port - ing,

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The melody continues on the top staff, with the lyrics 'ver - dant lawn; Bees on banks of thyme dis - port - ing,' written below it. The music features a mix of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests.



Sip the sweets and hail the dawn.

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The melody continues on the top staff, with the lyrics 'Sip the sweets and hail the dawn.' written below it. The system concludes with a final cadence on the top staff, followed by two empty staves.



THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

THE tradition upon which this ballad is founded, and the "shards of the Luck of Edenhall," still exist in England. The goblet is in the possession of Sir Christopher Musgrave, Bart., of Eden Hall, Cumberland; and is not so entirely shattered as the ballad leaves it.

OF Edenhall, the youthful lord
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call;
He rises at the banquet board,
And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers all,
"Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall!"

The butler hears the words with pain,
The house's oldest seneschal,
Takes slow from its silken cloth again
The drinking glass of crystal tall;
They call it The Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the lord, "This glass to praise,
Fill with red wine from Portugal!"
The gray beard with trembling hand obeys;
A purple light shines over all,
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the lord, and waves it light,
" This glass of flashing crystal tall
Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite ;
She wrote in in—*If this glass doth fall,*
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall !

" 'Twas right a goblet the Fate should be
Of the joyous race of Edenhall !
Deep draughts drink we right willingly ;
And willingly ring, with merry call,
Kling! klang! to the Luck of Edenhall !"

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,
Like to the song of a nightingale ;
Then like the roar of a torrent wild ;
Then mutters at last like the thunder's fall,
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

" For its keeper takes a race of might,
The fragile goblet of crystal tall ;
It has lasted longer than is right ;
Kling! klang!—with a harder blow than all
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall !"

As the goblet ringing flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall ;
And through the rift the wild flames start ;

The guests in dust are scattered all,
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall!

In storms the foe with fire and sword;
He in the night had scaled the wall,
Slain by the sword lies the youthful lord,
But holds in his hand the crystal tall,
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,
The gray-beard in the desert hall,
He seeks his lord's burnt skeleton,
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

"The stone wall," saith he, "doth fall aside,
Down must the stately columns fall;
Glass is the earth's Luck and Pride;
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball
One day like the Luck of Edenhall!"

LONGFELLOW.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

Farewell!—as soon as I am dead,
Come all, and watch one night about my hearse;
Bring each a mournful story and a tear,
To offer at it, when I go to earth.
With flattering ivy clasp my coffin round;
Write on my brow my fortune.

THE MAID'S TRAGEDY.

IN the melancholy month of October, when the variegated tints of the autumnal landscape begin to fade away into the pale and sickly hue of death, a few soft, delicious days, called the Indian Summer, steal in upon the close of the year, and, like a second spring, breathe a balm round the departing season, and light up with a smile the pallid features of the dying year. They resemble those calm and lucid intervals which sometimes precede the last hour of slow decline; mantling the cheek with the glow of health; breathing tranquillity around the drooping heart; and, though seeming to indicate that the fountains of life are springing out afresh, are but the sad and sure precursors of dissolution; the last earthly Sabbath

Of a spirit who longs for a purer day,
And is ready to wing her flight away.

I was once making a tour, at this season of the year, in the interior of New England. The rays of the setting sun glanced from the windows and shingle roofs of the little farm-houses scattered over the landscape; and the soft hues of declining day were gradually spreading over the scene. The harvest had already been gathered in; and I could hear the indistinct sound of the flail from the distant thrashing-floor. Now and then a white cloud floated before the sun, and its long shadow swept across the stubble-field and climbed the neighbouring hill. The tap of a solitary woodpecker echoed from the orchard; and at intervals, a hollow gust passed like a voice amid the trees, scattering the coloured leaves, and shaking down the ruddy apples.

As I rode slowly along, I approached a neat farmhouse, that stood upon the slope of a gentle hill. There was an air of plenty about it, that bespoke it the residence of one of the better class of farmers. Beyond it, the spire of a village church rose from a clump of trees; and to the westward lay a long cultivated valley, with a rivulet winding like a stripe of silver through it, and bounded on the opposite side by a chain of high, rugged mountains.

A number of horses stood tied to a rail in front of the house, and there was a crowd of peasants in their best attire at the doors and windows. I saw at once,

by the sadness of every countenance, and the half-audible tones of voice in which they addressed each other, that they were assembled to perform the last pious duties of the living to the dead. Some poor child of dust was to be consigned to its long home. I alighted, and entered the house. I feared that I might be an intruder upon that scene of grief; but a feeling of painful and melancholy curiosity prompted me on. The house was filled with country people from the neighbouring villages, seated around with that silent decorum, which in the country is always observed on such occasions. I passed through the crowd to the chamber, in which, according to the custom of New England, the body of the deceased was laid out in all the appalling habiliments of the grave. The coffin was placed upon a table in the middle of the room. Several of the villagers were gazing upon the corpse; and as they turned away, speaking to each other in whispers of the ravages of death, I drew near, and looked for a moment upon those sad remains of humanity. The countenance was calm and beautiful, and the pallid lips apart, as if the last sigh had just left them. On the coffin-plate I read the name and age of the deceased. She had been cut off in the bloom of life.

As I gazed upon the features of death before me, my heart rebuked me. There was something cold

and heartless, in thus gazing idly upon the relics of one whom I had not known in life; and I turned away with an emotion of more than sorrow. I look upon the last remains of a friend as something that death has hallowed. The dust of one whom I had loved in life, should be loved in death. I should feel that I were doing violence to the tender sympathies of affection, in thus exposing the relics of a friend to the idle curiosity of the world; for the world could never feel the emotion that harrowed up my soul, nor taste the bitterness with which my heart was running over.

At length the village clergyman arrived, and the funeral procession moved towards the church. The mother of the deceased followed the bier, supported by the clergyman, who tried in vain to administer consolation to a broken heart. She gave way to the violence of her grief, and wept aloud. Beside her walked a young man, who seemed to struggle with his sorrow, and strove to hide from the world what was passing in his bosom.

The church stood upon the outskirts of the village, and a few old trees threw their soft, religious shade around its portals. The tower was old and dilapidated; and the occasional toll of its bell, as it swung solemnly along the landscape, deepened the soft melancholy of the scene.

I followed the funeral train at a distance, and entered the church. The bier was placed at the head of the principal aisle, and after a moment's pause, the clergyman arose, and commenced the funeral service with prayer. It was simple and impressive; and, as the good man prayed, his countenance glowed with pure and fervent piety. He said there was a rest for the people of God, where all tears should be wiped from their eyes, and where there should be no more sorrow nor care. A hymn was then sung, appropriate to the occasion. It was one from the writings of Dr. Watts, beginning,

Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

No pain, no grief, no anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
Whilst angels watch its soft repose.

The pauses were interrupted by the sobs of the mother; it was touching in the extreme. When it ceased, the aged pastor again arose and addressed his simple audience. Several times his voice faltered with emotion. The deceased had been a favourite disciple since her residence in the village, and he had watched over her slow decay with all the tender solicitude of

a father. As he spoke of her gentle nature; of her patience in sickness; of her unrepining approach to the grave; of the bitterness of death; and of the darkness and silence of the narrow house, the younger part of the audience were moved to tears. Most of them had known her in life, and could repeat some little history of her kindness and benevolence. She had visited the cottages of the poor; she had soothed the couch of pain; she had wiped away the mourner's tears!

When the funeral service was finished the procession again formed, and moved towards the graveyard. It was a sunny spot, upon a gentle hill, where one solitary beach-tree threw its shade upon a few mouldering tombstones. They were the last mementos of the early settlers and patriarchs of the neighbourhood, and were overgrown with grass and branches of the wild rose. Beside them there was an open grave. The bier was placed upon its brink, and the coffin slowly and carefully let down into it. The mother came to take her last farewell. It was a scene of heart-rending grief. She paused, and gazed wistfully into the grave; her heart was buried there. At length she tore herself away in agony; and, as she passed from the spot, I could read in her countenance that the strongest tie which held her to the world had given way.

The rest of the procession passed in order by the grave, and each cast into it some slight token of affection, a sprig of rosemary, or some other sweet-scented herb. I watched the mournful procession returning along the dusty road, and when it finally disappeared behind the woodland, I found myself alone in the graveyard. I sat down upon a moss-grown stone, and fell into a train of melancholy thoughts. The gray of twilight overshadowed the scene. The wind rushed by in hollow gusts, sighed in the long grass of the grave, and swept the rustling leaves in eddies around me. Side by side beneath me slept the hoary head of age, and the blighted heart of youth; mortality, which had long since mouldered back to dust, and that from which the spirit had just departed. I scraped away the moss and grass from the tombstone on which I sat, and endeavoured to decipher the inscription. The name was entirely blotted out, and the rude ornaments were mouldering away. Beside it was the grave that had just closed over its tenant. What a theme for meditation! The grave that had been closed for years; and that upon which the mark of the spade was still visible! One whose very name was forgotten, and whose last earthly record had crumbled and wasted away; and one over whom the grass had not yet grown, nor the shadows of night descended!

When I returned to the village, I learned the history of the deceased. It was simple, but to me it was affecting. The mother had been left a widow with two children, a son and daughter. The son had been too soon exposed to the temptations of the world; had become dissolute, and was carried away by the frenzy of intemperance. This almost broke her heart, but it could not alienate her affection. There is something so patient and so enduring in the love of a mother! it is so kind to us; so consoling; so forgiving! the world deceives us, but that deceives us not; friends forsake us, but that forsakes us not; we may wound it, we may abandon it, we may forget it; but it will never wound, nor abandon, nor forget us!

The daughter was delicate and feeble. She sickened in her mother's arms, and fell into a slow decline. Her brother's ingratitude had stricken her too. Those who have watched the progress of slow and wasting decline, may recollect how fondly the sufferer will cling to some favourite wish, whose gratification she thinks may strengthen her wasted frame, and which, though we are persuaded it will be useless to grant, we feel it cruelty to deny. With this hope she had longed for the calm retirement of the country, and had come with her mother into the bosom of these solitudes, to breathe their pure,

exhilarating air, and to forget, in the calm of rural life, the cares that seemed to hurry on the progress of the disease. There is a quiet charm in rural occupations which soothes and tranquillizes the soul; and the invalid that is heartsick with the noise of the city, retires to the shades of country life, finds the hope of existence renewed, and something taken away from the bitterness of death. When the poor girl saw her young friends around her in the bloom of health and the hilarity of youth, and she alone drooping and sickly, she felt that it was hard to die. But in the shades of the country, the gaiety of the world was forgotten. No earthly desire intruded to overshadow the soft serenity of her soul; and when the last hope of life forsook her, a voice seemed to whisper, that in the sleep of death no cares were known,—that they were blessed who died in the Lord.

The summer passed away in rural occupations, and the simple pastimes of country life. She was regular in her devotions at the village church on Sundays, and after the service would visit the cottages of the poor with her mother, or stroll along the woodland, and listen to the song of the birds, and the murmuring ripple of the brook. At such times she would speak touchingly of her own fate, and look up with tears into her mother's face. Then her thoughts

would wander back to earlier days—to her young companions—to her brother. When she spoke of him, she wept as though her heart would break. They were nearly of the same age, had been educated together, and had loved each other with all the tenderness of brotherly love. There was something terrible in the idea that he had forgotten her, just as she was dropping into the grave. But there are sometimes alienations of the heart, which even the dark anticipations of death cannot change.

At length the autumn came, that sober season, whose very beauty reminds us of dissolution and decay. The summer birds had flown, the leaf changed its hue, and the wind rustled mournfully amid the trees. As the season advanced, the health of the invalid gradually declined. The lamp of life was nearly exhausted. Her rambles became confined to a little garden, where she would sometimes stroll out of a morning to gather flowers for her window. The fresh morning air seemed to revive her; but, towards the close of day, the hectic would flush her cheek, and but too plainly indicate that there was no longer hope of life.

The mother watched her dying child with an anguish that none but a mother's heart can feel. She would sit, and gaze wistfully upon her as she slept, and pour out her soul in prayer, that this

last solace of her declining years might yet be spared to her. But the days of her child were numbered. She had become calm and resigned, and her soul seemed to be springing up to a pure and heavenly joy. Religion had irradiated the gloom of the sick chamber, and brightened the pathway of the tomb. Death had no longer a sting; nor the grave a victory.

The soft, delightful days of the Indian Summer succeeded, smiling on the year's decline. The poor sick girl was too weak to leave her chamber; but she would sit for hours together at the open window, and enjoy the calm of the autumnal landscape. One evening she was thus seated, watching the setting sun, as it sank slowly behind the blue hills, dying in crimson the clouds of the western sky, and tinging the air with soft, purple light. Her feelings had taken a calm from the quiet of the scene; and she thought how sweet it were that life should end like the close of an autumn day, and the clouds of death catch the radiance of a glorious and eternal morning.

A little bird, that had been the companion of her sickness, was fluttering in its cage beside her, and singing with a merry heart from its wicker prison. She listened a moment to its song, with a feeling of tenderness, and sighed. "Thou hast cheered my sick chamber with thy cheerful voice," said she, "and hast

shared with me my long captivity. I shall soon be free, and I will not leave thee here a prisoner." As she spoke she opened the door of the cage; the bird darted forth from the window, balanced itself a moment on its wings, as if to say farewell, and then rose up into the sky with a song of delight.

As she watched her little favourite floating upwards in the soft evening air, and growing smaller and smaller, until it diminished to a little speck in the blue heaven, her attention was arrested by the sound of a horse's hoofs. A moment after, the rider dismounted at the door. When she beheld him, her cheek became suddenly flushed, and then turned deadly pale again. She started up, and rushed towards the door, but her strength failed her; she faltered, and sunk into her mother's arms in a swoon. Almost at the same moment the door opened, and her brother entered the room.

The ties of nature had been loosened, but were too strong to be broken. The rebukes of conscience had risen above the song of the revel and the maddening glee of drunkenness. Haunted by fearful phantoms, and full of mental terrors, he had hurried away from the scenes of debauch, hoping to atone for his errors by future care and solicitude. His mother embraced him with all the tender yearnings of a mother's heart. Sorrow had chastened every reproachful feel-

ing; silenced every sentiment of reproof. She had already forgotten all past unkindness.

In the meantime, the poor invalid was carried to bed insensible; and an hour passed before signs of returning life appeared. A small taper threw its pale and tremulous rays around the chamber, and her brother sat by her bedside, silently and anxiously watching her cold, inanimate features. At length a slight colour flushed her cheek; her lips moved, as if she were endeavouring to articulate something; then she sighed deeply, and languidly opened her eyes, as if awakening from a deep sleep. Her mother was bending over her; she threw her arms about her neck and kissed her. "Mother," said she, in a soft and almost inaudible voice, "I have had such a dream!—I thought that George had come back again; and that we were happy; and that I should not die—not yet! But no, it was not a dream," continued she, raising her head from the pillow, and gazing wistfully about the room. "He has come back again; and we are happy; and, oh! mother, must I die!" Here she fell back upon her pillow, and, covering her face with both hands, burst into tears.

Her brother, who sat by the bed-side hidden by the curtain, could no longer withstand the violence of his emotions. He caught her in his arms, and kissed her tears away. She unclosed her eyes, smiled, and faintly

articulated, "dear George;" the rest died upon her lips. It was nature's last effort. She turned her eyes from him to her mother; then back; then to her mother again; her lips moved; an ashy hue spread over her countenance; and she expired with a sigh.

Such was the history of the deceased, as I gathered it from one of the villagers. I continued my journey the next morning, and passed by the graveyard. The sun shone softly upon it, and the dew glistened upon the turf. It seemed to me an image of the morning of that eternal day, when this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality.

L.

THE EARTH AND STARS.

OF heavenly bodies, we know the interior better than the physical condition. They have been weighed and measured out in their volume and density; but no movement of life, no specific difference of elements, has been detected amongst them. The mighty law pulsates in the firmament with the dead swing of the pendulum. It is not so with our terrestrial home. Here the seat of knowledge and life, of order and beauty, is *surface*, — complexity above, simplicity below.

THE SNOW-FLAKE.

"Now, if I fall, will it be my lot
To be cast in some low and lonely spot,
To melt and to sink, unseen or forgot?

And then will my course be ended?"
'Twas thus a feathery Snow-Flake said,
As down through the measureless space it strayed,
Or, as half by dalliance, half afraid,
It seem'd in mid air suspended.

"Oh, no," said the Earth, "thou shalt not lie,
Neglected and lone, on my lap to die,
Thou pure and delicate child of the sky,
For thou wilt be safe in my keeping;
But then I must give thee a lovelier form.
Thou'lt not be a part of the wintry storm,
But revive when the sunbeams are yellow and warm,
And the flowers from my bosom are pceping.

"And then thou shalt have thy choice to be
Restored in the lily that decks the lea,
In the jessamine bloom, the anemone,
Or aught of thy spotless whiteness;

To melt, and be cast in a glittering bead,
With the pearls that the night scatters over the mead,
In the cup where the bee and the fire-fly feed,
Regaining thy dazzling brightness;—

“To wake and be raised from thy transient sleep,
When Kola’s mild blue eye shall weep,
In a tremulous tear, on a diamond leaf,
In a drop from the unlocked fountain;
Or, leaving the valley, the meadow, and heath,
The streamlet, the flowers, and all beneath,
To go and be wove in the silvery wreath
Encircling the brow of the mountain.

“Or wouldst thou return to a home in the skies,
To shine in the Iris, I’ll let thee arise
And appear in the many and glorious dyes
A pencil of sunbeams is blending.
But true, fair thing, as my name is Earth,
I’ll give thee a new and vernal birth,
When thou shalt recover thy primal worth,
And never regret descending!”

“Then I will drop,” said the trusting flake,
“But bear it in mind that the choice I make
Is not in the flowers or the dew to awake,
Nor the mist that shall pass with the morning:

For, things of thyself, they expire with thee;
But those that are from on high, like me,
They rise, and will live, from the dust set free,
To the regions above returning.

“And if true to thy word, and just thou art,
Like the spirit that dwells in the holiest heart,
Unsullied by thee, thou wilt let me depart,
And return to my native heaven;
For I would be placed in the beautiful bow,
From time to time in thy sight to glow,
So thou may'st remember the flake of snow,
By the promise that God hath given.”

H. F. GOULD.

ON MY FRIEND ROBIN,

VULGARLY CALLED RAGGED.

A MAN of taste is Robinet,
A dandy, spruce, and trim;
Whoe'er would dainty fashions set
Should go and look at him.

Rob scorns to wear his crimson coat
As common people do;

He folds and fits it in and out,
And does it bravely, too.

Oh! Robin loves to prank him rare
With fringe, and flounce, and all;
Till you'd take him for a lady fair
Just going to a ball.

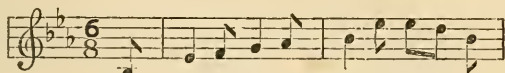
Robin's a roguish, merry lad,
He dances in the breeze,
And looks up, with a greeting glad,
To the rustling hedge-row trees.

How civilly he beckons in
The busy Mrs. Bee;
And she tells her store of gossiping
O'er his honey and his glee.

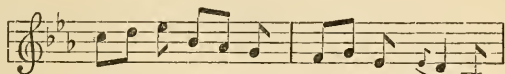
All joy—all mirth—no carking care,
No worldly woe has he;
Alack! I wish my lot it were
To live as happily!

TWANLEY.

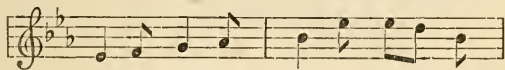
A Rose-bud by my Early Walk.



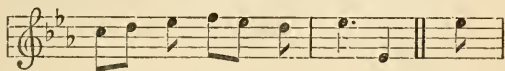
A rose-bud by my ear - ly walk, A-



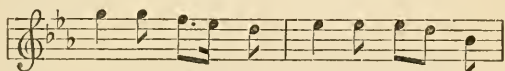
down a corn in - clos - ed bawk, Sae



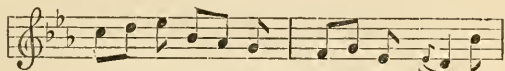
gent - ly bent its thor - ny stalk, All



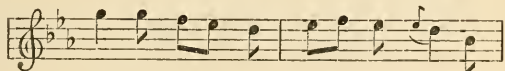
on a dew - y morn-ing. Ere



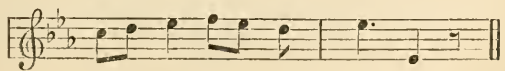
twice the shades of dawn are fled, In



all its crim - son glo - ry spread, And



droop - ing rich the dew - y head, It



scent the ear - ly morn - ing.

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

Music on page 123

A rose-bud by my early walk,
Adown a corn inclosed bawlk,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.
Ere twice the shades of dawn are fled,
In all its crimson glory spread,
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest,
A little linnet fondly prest—
The dew sat chilly on her breast,
Sae early in the morning.
She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure of the wood,
Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jenny fair,
On trembling string, or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tends thy early morning.
So thou sweet rose-bud, young and gay
Shalt beauteous gaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.

THE LAST OF THE BOATMEN.

I EMBARKED, a few years since, at Pittsburg, for Cincinnati, on board of a steamboat, more with a view of realising the possibility of a speedy return against the current, than in obedience to the call of either business or pleasure. It was a voyage of speculation. I was born on the banks of the Ohio; and the only vessels associated with my early recollections were the canoes of the Indians, which brought to Fort Pitt their annual cargoes of skins and bears' oil. The flat boat of Kentucky, destined only to float with the current, next appeared; and, after many years of interval, the keel-boat of the Ohio and the barge of the Mississippi were introduced for the convenience of the infant commerce of the West.

At the period at which I have dated my trip to Cincinnati, the steamboat had made but few voyages back to Pittsburg. We were generally sceptics as to its practicability. The mind was not prepared for the change that was about to take place in the West. It is now consummated; and we yet look back with astonishment at the result.

When we left Pittsburg, the season was not far

advanced in vegetation; but, as we proceeded, the change was more rapid than the difference of latitude justified. I had frequently observed this in former voyages; but it never was so striking as on the present occasion. The old mode of travelling, in the sluggish flat boat, seemed to give time for the change of season; but now a few hours carried us into a different climate. We met spring, with all her laughing train of flowers and verdure, rapidly advancing from the south. The buck-eye, cotton-wood, and maple, had already assumed, in this region, the rich livery of summer. The thousand varieties of the floral kingdom spread a gay carpet over the luxuriant bottoms on each side of the river. The thick woods resounded with the notes of the feathered tribe, each striving to outdo his neighbour in noise, if not in melody. We had not yet reached the region of paroquets; but the clear-toned whistle of the cardinal was heard in every bush; and the cat-bird was endeavouring to rival the powers of the mocking-bird.

A few hours brought us to one of those stopping points, known by the name of the "wooding places." It was situated immediately above Letart's Falls. The boat, obedient to the wheel of the pilot, made a graceful sweep towards the island above the chute, and rounding to, approached the wood pile. As the

boat drew near the shore, the escape-steam reverberated through the forest and hills, like the chafed bellowing of the caged tiger. The root of a tree, concealed beneath the water, prevented the boat from getting sufficiently near the bank, and it became necessary to use the paddles to take a different position.

“Back out, Mannee, and try it again!” exclaimed a voice from the shore. “Throw your pole wide, and brace off, or you’ll run against a snag.”

This was a kind of language long familiar to us on the Ohio. It was a sample of the slang of the keel-boatmen.

The speaker was immediately cheered by a dozen voices from the deck; and I recognised in him the person of an old acquaintance, familiarly known to me from my boyhood. He was leaning carelessly against a large beech; and, as his left arm negligently pressed a rifle to his side, presented a figure that Salvator would have chosen from a multitude, as a model for his wild and gloomy pencil. His stature was upwards of six feet, his proportions perfectly symmetrical, and exhibiting the evidence of herculean powers. To a stranger he would have seemed a complete mulatto. Long exposure to the sun and weather on the lower Ohio and Mississippi had changed his skin; and, but for the fine European

cast of his countenance, he might have passed for the principal warrior of some powerful tribe. Although at least fifty years of age, his hair was as black as the wing of the raven. Next to his skin he wore a red flannel shirt, covered by a blue capot, ornamented with white fringe. On his feet were mocassins, and a broad leathern belt encircled his waist, from which hung, suspended in a sheath, a large knife.

As soon as the steamboat became stationary, the cabin passengers jumped on shore. On ascending the bank, the figure I have just described advanced to offer me his hand.

"How are you, Mike?" said I.

"How goes it?" replied the boatman, grasping my hand with a squeeze that I can compare to nothing but that of a blacksmith's vice.

"I am glad to see you, Mannee!" continued he, in his abrupt manner. I am going to shoot at the tin cup for a quart, off hand, and you must be judge."

I understood Mike at once, and, on any other occasion, should have remonstrated, and prevented the daring trial of skill. But I was accompanied by a couple of English tourists, who had scarcely ever been beyond the sound of Bow Bells; and who were travelling post over the United States, to make up a

book of observations on our manners and customs. There were also among the passengers a few bloods from Philadelphia and Baltimore, who could conceive nothing equal to Chesnut or Howard Streets, and who expressed great disappointment at not being able to find terrapins and oysters at every village, marvellously lauding the comforts of Rubicum's. My tramontane pride was aroused; and I resolved to give them an opportunity of seeing a western Lion—for such Mike undoubtedly was—in all his glory.

Mike, followed by several of his crew, led the way to a beech grove, some little distance from the landing. I invited my fellow-passengers to witness the scene. On arriving at the spot, a stout bull-headed boatman, dressed in a hunting-shirt, but bare-footed, in whom I recognised a younger brother of Mike, drew a line with his toe; and, stepping off thirty yards, turned round fronting his brother, took a tin cup which hung from his belt, and placed it upon his head. Although I had seen this feat performed before, I acknowledge I felt uneasy whilst this silent preparation was going on. But I had not much time for reflection; for this second Albert exclaimed—"Blaze away, Mike! and let's have the quart."

My *compagnons de voyage*, as soon as they recovered from the first effects of their astonishment, exhibited a disposition to interfere. But Mike, throwing back

his left leg, levelled his rifle at the head of his brother. In this horizontal position the weapon remained for some seconds, as immoveable as if the arm which held it was affected by no pulsation.

"Point your piece a little lower, Mike! or you will pay the corn," cried the imperturbable brother.

I know not if the advice was obeyed or not; but the sharp crack of the rifle immediately followed, and the cup flew off thirty or forty yards, rendered unfit for future service. There was a cry of admiration from the strangers, who pressed forward to see if the foolhardy boatman was really safe. He remained as immoveable as if he had been a figure hewn out of stone. He had not even winked when the ball struck the cup within two inches of his skull.

"Mike has won!" I exclaimed; and my decision was the signal which, according to their rules, permitted him of the target to move from his position. No more sensation was exhibited among the boatmen than if a common wager had been won. The bet being decided, they hurried back to their boat, giving me and my friends an invitation to partake of "the treat." We declined, and took leave of the thoughtless creatures. In a few minutes afterwards we observed their keel wheeling in the current, the gigantic form of Mike bestriding the large steering ore, and the others arranging themselves in their places in

front of the cabin, that extended nearly the whole length of the boat, covering merchandise of immense value. As they left the shore, they gave the Indian yell; and broke out into a sort of unconnected chorus, commencing with—

“Hard upon the beech oar!
She moves too slow!
All the way to Shawneetown,
Long while ago.”

In a few moments the boat “took the chute” of Letart’s Falls, and disappeared behind the point with the rapidity of an Arabian courser.

Our travellers returned to the boat, lost in speculation on the scene and the beings they had just beheld; and, no doubt, the circumstance has been related a thousand times with all the necessary amplifications of finished tourists.

Mike Fink may be viewed as the correct representative of a class of men now extinct, but who once possessed as marked a character as that of the Gipsies of England, or the Lazzaroni of Naples. The period of their existence was not more than a third of a century. The character was created by the introduction of trade on the Western waters, and ceased with the successful establishment of the steamboat.

There is something inexplicable in the fact, that there could be men found for ordinary wages, who

would abandon the systemetic but not laborious pursuits of agriculture, to follow a life, of all others, except that of the soldier, distinguished by the greatest exposure and privation. The occupation of a boatman was more calculated to destroy the constitution, and to shorten life, than any other business. In ascending the river, it was a continued series of toil, rendered more irksome by the snail-like rate at which they moved. The boat was propelled by poles, against which the shoulder was placed; and the whole strength and skill of the individual were applied in this manner. As the boatmen moved along the running-board, with their heads nearly touching the plank on which they walked, the effect produced on the mind of an observer was similar to that on beholding the ox rocking before an overloaded cart. Their bodies, naked to their waist, for the purpose of moving with greater ease, and of enjoying the breeze of the river, were exposed to the burning suns of summer and to the rains of autumn. After a hard day's push, they would take their "fillee," or ration of whisky, and, having swallowed a miserable supper of meat half-burnt and of bread half-baked, stretch themselves, without covering, on the deck, and slumber till the steersman's call invited them to the morning "fillee." Notwithstanding this, the boatman's life had charms as irresistible as those pre-

sented by the splendid illusions of the stage. Sons abandoned the comfortable farms of their fathers, and apprentices fled from the service of their masters. There was a captivation in the idea of "going down the river;" and the youthful boatman who had "pushed a keel" from New Orleans, felt all the pride of a young merchant, after his first voyage to an English sea-port. From an exclusive association together, they had formed a kind of slang peculiar to themselves; and from the constant exercise of wit with "the squatters" on shore, and crews of other boats, they acquired a quickness and smartness of vulgar retort, that was quite amusing. The frequent battles they were engaged in with the boatmen of different parts of the river, and with the less civilized inhabitants of the lower Ohio and Mississippi, invested them with that ferocious reputation, which has made them spoken of throughout Europe.

On board of the boats thus navigated, our merchants entrusted valuable cargoes, without insurance, and with no other guarantee than the receipt of the steersman, who possessed no property but his boat; and the confidence so reposed was seldom abused.

Among these men, Mike Fink stood an acknowledged leader for many years. Endowed by nature with those qualities of intellect that give the possessor influence, he would have been a conspicuous

member of any society in which his lot might have been cast. An acute observer of human nature has said—"Opportunity alone makes the hero. Change their situations, and Cæsar would have been but the best wrestler on the green." With a figure cast in a mould that added much of the symmetry of an Apollo to the limbs of a Hercules, he possessed gigantic strength; and, accustomed from an early period to brave the dangers of a frontier life, his character was noted for the most daring intrepidity. He was the hero of a hundred fights, and the leader in a thousand adventures. From Pittsburg to St. Louis and New Orleans, his fame was established. Every farmer on the shore kept on good terms with Mike, otherwise there was no safety for his property. Wherever he was an enemy, like his great prototype, Rob Roy, he levied the contribution of *black mail* for the use of his boat. Often at night, when his tired companions slept, he would take an excursion of five or six miles, and return before morning, rich in spoil. On the Ohio, he was known among his companions by the appellation of the "Snapping Turtle;" and on the Mississippi, he was called "The Snag."

At the early age of seventeen, Mike's character was displayed by enlisting himself in a corps of Scouts—a body of irregular rangers, which was employed on the north-western frontiers of Pennsylvania, to watch

the Indians, and to give notice of any threatened inroad.

At that time, Pittsburg was on the extreme verge of white population, and the spies, who were constantly employed, generally extended their explorations forty or fifty miles to the west of this post. They went out singly, lived as did the Indian, and in every respect became perfectly assimilated in habits, taste, and feeling, with the red men of the desert. A kind of border warfare was kept up, and the scout thought it as praiseworthy to bring in the scalp of a Shawnee as the skin of a panther. He would remain in the woods for weeks together, using parched corn for bread, depending on his rifle for meat, and sleeping at night in perfect comfort, rolled in his blanket.

In this corps, while yet a stripling, Mike acquired a reputation for boldness and cunning far beyond his companions. A thousand legends exhibited the fearlessness of his character. There was one, which he told himself with much pride,—which illustrates the rude and savage habits of thought which even men, once civilized, attain in such a state of society,—that made an indelible impression on my boyish memory. He had been out on the hills of Mahoning, when, to use his own words, he “saw signs of Indians being about.” He had discovered the recent print of the moccasin on the grass, and found drops of the fresh

blood of a deer on the green bush. He became cautious, skulked for some time in the deepest thickets of hazle and briar; and, for several days, did not discharge his rifle. He subsisted patiently on parched corn and jerk, which he had dried on his first coming into the woods. He gave no alarm to the settlements, because he discovered, with certainty, that the enemy consisted of a small hunting-party, who were receding from the Alleghany.

As he was creeping along, one morning, with the stealthy tread of a cat, his eye fell upon a beautiful buck, browsing on the edge of a barren spot, three hundred yards distant. The temptation was too strong for the woodsman, and he resolved to have a shot at every hazard. Re-priming his gun, and picking his flint, he made his approaches in the usual noiseless manner. At the moment he reached the spot from which he meant to take his aim, he observed a large savage, intent upon the same object, advancing from a direction a little different from his own. Mike shrunk behind a tree with the quickness of thought, and, keeping his eye fixed on the hunter, waited the result with patience. In a few moments, the Indian halted within fifty paces, and levelled his piece at the deer. In the meanwhile, Mike presented his rifle at the body of the savage; and, at the moment the smoke issued from the gun

of the latter, the bullet of Fink passed through the red man's breast. He uttered a yell, and fell dead at the same instant with the deer. Mike reloaded his rifle, and remained in his covert for some minutes, to ascertain whether there were more enemies at hand. He then stepped up to the prostrate savage, and, having satisfied himself that life was extinguished, turned his attention to the buck, and took from the carcass those pieces suited to the process of jerking.

In the meantime, the country was filling up with a white population; and in a few years the red men, with the exception of a few fractions of tribes, gradually receded to the lakes and beyond the Mississippi. The corps of Scouts was abolished, after having acquired habits which unfitted them for the pursuits of civilised society. Some incorporated themselves with the Indians; and others, from a strong attachment to the erratic mode of life, joined the boatmen, then just becoming a distinct class. Among these was our hero, Mike Fink, whose talents were soon developed; and for many years he was as celebrated on the rivers of the West as he had been in the woods.

Some years after my visit to Cincinnati, business called me to New Orleans. On board of the steamboat, on which I had embarked at Louisville, I recognised, in the person of the pilot, one of those men

who had formerly been a patroon, or keel-boat captain. I entered into conversation with him on the subject of his former associates.

"They are scattered in all directions," said he. "A few, who had capacity, have become pilots of steamboats; many have joined the trading parties that cross the Rocky Mountains; and a few have settled down as farmers."

"What has become," I asked, "of my old acquaintance, Mike Fink?"

"Mike was killed in a skirmish," replied the pilot. "He had refused several good offers on steamboats. He said he could not bear the hissing of steam, and he wanted room to throw his pole. He went to the Missouri; and about a year since was shooting the tin cup, when he had corned too heavy. He elevated too low, and shot his companion through the head. A friend of the deceased, who was present, suspecting foul play, shot Mike through the heart, before he had time to reload his rifle."

With Mike Fink expired the spirit of the Boatmen.

Such are the half-savage features which the white man assumes on the outskirts of civilization; exhibiting in an interesting but a very painful light, the influence such pioneers are calculated to have on the wild native Indian.

HERO AND LEANDER.

CANTO I.

OLD is the tale I tell, and yet as young
And warm with life as ever minstrel sung:
Two lovers fill it,—two fair shapes—two souls
Sweet as the last, for whom the death-bell tolls:
What matters it how long ago, or where
They liv'd, or whether their young locks of hair,
Like English hyacinths, or Greek, were curled?
We hurt the stories of the antique world
By thinking of our school-books, and the wrongs
Done them by pedants and fantastic songs,
Or sculptures, which from Roman “studios” thrown,
Turn back Deucalion’s flesh and blood to stone.
Truth is for ever truth, and love is love;
The bird of Venus is the living dove.
Sweet Hero’s eyes, three thousand years ago,
Were made precisely like the best we know,
Look’d the same looks, and spoke no other Greek
Than eyes of honey-moons begun last week.
Alas! and the dread shock that stunn’d her brow
Strain’d them as wide as any wretch’s now.

I never think of poor Leander's fate,
And how he swam, and how his bride sat late,
And watch'd the dreadful dawning of the light,
But as I would of two that died last night.
So might they now have liv'd, and so have died;
The story's heart, to me, still beats against its side.

Beneath the sun which shines this very hour,
There stood of yore—behold it now—a tower,
Half set in trees and leafy luxury,
And through them look'd a window on the sea.
The tower is old, but guards a beauteous scene
Of bowers, 'twixt purple hills, a gulf of green,
Whose farthest side, from out a lifted grove,
Shows a white temple to the Queen of Love.
Fair is the morn, the soft trees kiss and breathe;
Calm, blue, and glittering is the sea beneath;
And by the window a sweet maiden sits,
Grave with glad thoughts, and watching it by fits,
For o'er that sea, drawn to her with delight,
Her love Leander is to come at night;
To come, not sailing, or with help of oar,
But with his own warm heart and arms—no more—
A naked bridegroom, bound from shore to shore.

A priestess Hero is, an orphan dove,
Lodg'd in that turret of the Queen of Love;

A youth Leander, born across the strait,
Whose wealthy kin deny him his sweet mate,
Beset with spies, and dogg'd with daily spite;
But he has made high compact with delight,
And found a wondrous passage through the weltering
night.

So sat she fix'd all day, or now was fain
To rise and move, then sighs, then sits again;
Then tries some work, forgets it, and thinks on,
Wishing with perfect love the time were gone,
And lost to the green trees with their sweet singers,
Taps on the casement's ledge with idle fingers.

An aged nurse had Hero in the place,
An under priestess of an humbler race,
Who partly serv'd, partly kept watch and ward
Over the rest, but no good love debarr'd.
The temple's faith, though serious, never cross'd
Engagements, miss'd to their exchequer's cost;
And though this present knot was to remain
Unknown awhile, 'twas bless'd within the fane,
And much good thanks expected in the end
From the dear married daughter, and the wealthy
friend.

Poor Hero look'd for no such thanks. Her hand,
But to be held in his, would have giv'n sea and land.

The reverend crone accordingly took care
To do her duty to a time so fair,
Saw all things right, secured her own small pay,
(Which brought her luxuries to her dying day,)
And finishing a talk, which with surprise
She saw made grave e'en those good-humour'd
 eyes,
Laid up, tow'rd's night, her service on the shelf,
And left her nicer mistress to herself.

Hesper meanwhile, the star with amorous eye,
Shot his fine sparkle from the deep blue sky.
A depth of night succeeded, dark, but clear,
Such as presents the hollow starry sphere
Like a high gulf to heaven ; and all above
Seems waking to a fervid work of love.
A nightingale, in transport, seemed to fling
His warble out, and then sit listening :
And ever and anon, amidst the flush
Of the thick leaves, there ran a breezy gush ;
And then, from dewy myrtles lately bloomed,
An odour small, in at the window, fumed.

At last, with twinkle o'er a distant tower,
A star appeared, that was to show the hour.
The virgin saw ; and going to a room
Which held an altar burning with perfume,

Cut off a lock of her dark solid hair,
And laid it, with a little whispered prayer,
Before a statue, that of marble bright
Sat smiling downwards o'er the rosy light.
Then at the flame a torch of pine she lit,
And o'er her head anxiously holding it,
Ascended to the roof; and leaning there,
Lifted its light into the darksome air.

The boy beheld,—beheld it from the sea,
And parted his wet locks, and breathed with glee,
And rose, in swimming, more triumphantly.

Smooth was the sea that night, the lover strong,
And in the springy waves he danced along.
He rose, he dipped his breast, he aimed, he cut
With his clear arms, and from before him put
The parting waves, and in and out the air
His shoulders felt, and trailed his washing hair;
But when he saw the torch, oh, how he sprung,
And thrust his feet against the waves, and flung
The foam behind, as though he scorned the sea,
And parted his wet locks, and breathed with glee,
And rose, and panted, most triumphantly!

Arrived at last on shallow ground, he saw
The stooping light, as if in haste, withdraw:

Again it issued just above the door
With a white hand, and vanished as before.
Then rising, with a sudden-ceasing sound
Of wateriness, he stood on the firm ground,
And treading up a little slippery bank,
With jutting myrtles mixed, and verdure dank,
Came to a door ajar,—all hushed, all blind
With darkness; yet he guessed who stood behind;
And entering with a turn, the breathless boy
A breathless welcome finds, and words that die for joy

CANTO II.

THUS passed the summer shadows in delight:
Leander came as surely as the night,
And when the morning woke upon the sea,
It saw him not, for back at home was he.
Sometimes, when it blew fresh, the struggling flare
Seemed out; but then he knew his Hero's care,
And that she only walled it with her cloak;
Brighter again from out the dark it broke.
Sometimes the night was almost clear as day,
Wanting no torch; and then, with easy play,
He dipped along beneath the silver moon,
Placidly hearkening to the water's tune.

The people round the country, who from far
Used to behold the light, thought it a star,
Set there perhaps by Venus as a wonder,
To mark the favourite maiden who slept under.
Therefore they trod about the grounds by day
Gently; and fishermen at night, they say,
With reverence kept aloof, cutting their silent way.

But autumn now was over; and the crane
Began to clang against the coming rain,
And peevish winds ran cutting o'er the sea,
Which oft return'd a face of enmity.
The gentle girl, before he went away,
Would look out sadly toward the cold-eyed day,
And often beg him not to come that night;
But still he came, and still she blessed his sight;
And so, from day to day, he came and went,
Till time had almost made her confident.

One evening, as she sat, twining sweet bay
And myrtle garlands for a holiday,
And watched at intervals the dreary sky,
In which the dim sun held a languid eye,
She thought with such a full and quiet sweetness
Of all Leander's love and his completeness,
All that he was, and said, and looked, and dared,
His form, his step, his noble head full-haired,

And how she loved him, as a thousand might,
And yet he earned her still thus night by night,
That the sharp pleasure moved her like a grief,
And tears came dropping with their meek relief.

Meantime the sun had sunk : the hilly mark,
Across the straits, mixed with the mightier dark,
And night came on. All noises by degrees
Were hushed,—the fisher's call, the birds, the trees,
All but the washing of the eternal seas.

Hero looked out, and trembling augured ill,
The darkness held its breath so very still.
But yet she hoped he might arrive before
The storm began, or not be far from shore ;
And crying, as she stretched forth in the air,
“ Bless him ! ” she turned, and said a tearful prayer,
And mounted to the tower, and shook the torch's flare.

But he, Leander, almost half across,
Threw his blithe locks behind him with a toss,
And hailed the light victoriously, secure
Of clasping his kind love, so sweet and sure ;
When suddenly, a blast, as if in wrath,
Sheer from the hills, came headlong on his path ;
Then started off ; and driving round the sea,
Dashed up the panting waters roaringly.

The youth at once was thrust beneath the main
With blinded eyes, but quickly rose again,
And with a smile at heart, and stouter pride,
Surmounted, like a god, the rearing tide.
But what? The torch gone out! So long too! See,
He thinks it comes! Ah, yes,—'tis she! 'tis she!
Again he springs; and, though the winds arise
Fiercer and fiercer, swims with ardent eyes;
And always, though with ruffian waves dashed
hard,
Turns thither with glad groan his stout regard;
And always, though his sense seems washed away,
Emerges, fighting tow'rds the cordial ray.

But driven about at last, and drenched the while,
The noble boy loses that inward smile.
For now, from one black atmosphere, the rain
Sweeps into stubborn mixture with the main;
And the brute wind, unmuffling all its roar,
Storms;—and the light, gone out, is seen no more.
Then dreadful thoughts of death, of waves heaped on
him,
And friends, and parting daylight, rush upon him.
He thinks of prayers to Neptune and his daughters,
And Venus, Hero's queen, sprung from the waters;
And then of Hero only,—how she fares,
And what she'll feel, when the blank morn appears;

And at that thought he stiffens once again
His limbs, and pants, and strains, and climbs,—in
vain.

Fierce draughts he swallows of the wilful wave,
His tossing hands are lax, his blind look grave,
Till the poor youth (and yet no coward he)
Spoke once her name, and, yielding wearily,
Wept in the middle of the scornful sea.

I need not tell how Hero, when her light
Would burn no longer, passed that dreadful night;
How she exclaimed, and wept, and could not sit
One instant in one place; nor how she lit
The torch a hundred times, and when she found
'Twas all in vain, her gentle head turned round
Almost with rage; and in her fond despair
She tried to call him through the deafening air.

But when he came not,—when from hour to hour
He came not,—though the storm had spent its
power,

And when the casement, at the dawn of light,
Began to show a square of ghastly white,
She went up to the tower, and straining out
To search the seas, downwards, and round about,
She saw, at last,—she saw her lord indeed
Floating, and washed about, like a vile weed;—

On which such strength of passion and dismay
Seized her, and such an impotence to stay,
That from the turret, like a stricken dove,
With fluttering arms she leaped, and joined her
drowned love.

LEIGH HUNT.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

DEATH found strange beauty on that cherub brow,
And dashed it out. There was a tint of rose
On cheek and lip;—he touched the veins with ice,
And the rose faded. Forth from those blue eyes
There spoke a wistful tenderness,—a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence
Alone can wear. With ruthless haste he bound
The silken fringes of their curtaining lids
For ever. There had been a murmuring sound
With which the babe would claim its mother's ear,
Charming her even to tears. The spoiler set
His seal of silence. But there beamed a smile
So fixed and holy, from that marble brow—
Death gazed and left it there;—he dared not steal
The signet-ring of Heaven.

SIGOURNEY.

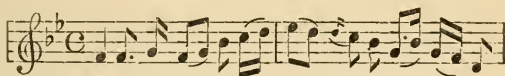
THE BIBLE.

“How rich their lot, in youth or age,
With hopes secured above,
Who early commune with the page
Of Heaven's recorded love.”

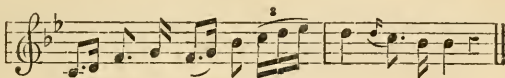
THE sublime poetry of Holy Writ is so full of imagery derived from nature, that we can scarcely look abroad over the face of the earth without being reminded of some of its comparisons. The fowl of the air, the lamb of the fold, the corn ready for the sickle, the flower of the field, the morning cloud, the early dew, the green pastures, the still waters,—all bring to the religious mind some emblem of beauty, some subject of contemplation. When the ancient people were filled with dread, Isaiah says of them and their monarch, “His heart was moved, and the heart of his people, as the trees of the wood are moved by the wind.” The sound of the rolling leaf, so often rustling in the autumn forest, was to chase the wicked, and they were, in their instability, declared to be as the chaff which the wind driveth away.

A. PRATT

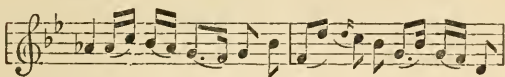
The flowers o' the Forest.



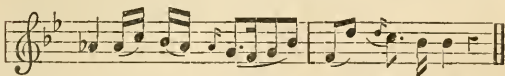
I've seen the smil-ing of for - tune be - guil - ing, I've



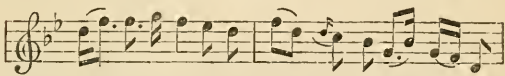
tast-ed her pleasures, and felt her decay.



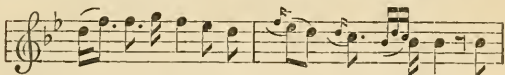
Sweet was her bless-ing, and kind her ca - ressing, But



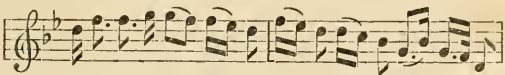
now they are fled, fled far a - way.



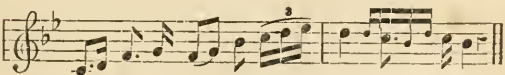
I've seen the for-est a - dorn - ed the fore - most, Wi'



flow'rs o' the fairest, baith plea - sant and gay; Sae



bonny was their blooming, their scent the air perfuming, But



now they are wither'd and a' wed a - way.

THE FLOWERS O' THE FOREST.

Music on page 161

I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling,
I've tasted her pleasures, and felt her decay.
Sweet was her blessing, and kind her caressing,
But now they are fled, fled far away.
I've seen the forest adorned the foremost,
Wi' flow'rs o' the fairest, baith pleasant and gay;
Sae bonny was their blooming, their scent the air
 perfuming,
But now they are wither'd and a' wed away.

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempests roaring before parting day;
I've seen Tweed's silver streams glitt'ring in the
 sunny beams,
Grow drumly and dark as they roll'd on their way.
O fickle fortune, why thus cruel sporting;
Why thus perplex us poor sons of a day;
Thy frown cannot fear me, thy smile cannot cheer
 me,
Since the flow'rs o' the forest are a' wed away.

ALLERTON TOWER.

A TALE OF THE DAYS OF "BLUFF KING HAL."

OF all the pastimes by which the highborn during the middle ages sought to enliven the gloom (not unfrequent in time of peace) of the baronial castle, none were so fondly cherished, or so eagerly pursued; none held so high a place in their esteem, or maintained it for so long a period, as the "royal (for such was its high designation) sport of hawkyng." It is singular, too, that no other sport has fallen into such complete desuetude. Chess, and draughts, and most, indeed, of the various games that beguiled the monotony of the castle hall, still amuse the inmates of the modern drawing-room. The athletic sports that delighted our forefathers have not yet lost their charm. Trials of skill in archery, although childish play compared with those in former days, still draw up together a "goodly company," clad in Lincoln green, (the only characteristic shared in common with the archer-band of yore, whose clothyard shafts flew from the mighty six-feet yew-bow;) while year by year, the stag-hounds are still uncoupled, and the

merry greenwood, through the bright days of summer, rings with the shrill bugle of the hunter. Every sport and pastime has remained almost unaltered, save that, the knowledge of whose quaint and extensive vocabulary formed the most indispensable part of the noble damsel's education—that sport into whose “mysteries” the proudest noble was honoured to initiate his monarch's son—that “gentle crafte,” whose many fascinations induced the dainty dame, Juliana Berners, prioress of Sopewell, at the birth-time of printing, to lay aside her missal and rosary, to indite with her own fair hand the “Boke of Seynte Alban,” which is now, save to the antiquary, almost unknown. We will, therefore, dear reader, take you into the *mews*, and give you some notion of that pastime, which, for more than five centuries, was the most cherished sport of our ancestors. When we remember what limited sources of amusement our forefathers possessed, and what peculiar charms all out-door sports must have exhibited to the inhabitants of the high-walled, close-pent castle, through whose narrow windows even the bright sunbeam struggled faintly and timidly, it will not appear surprising that a sport which necessarily led them to the fair open plain, or the still out-spread lake, or along the banks of the clear sparkling river, was hailed with delight. The noble unhooded his falcon with

tenfold glee, as his proud eye wandered over the wide expanse that owned him as its lord; and as the knight ambled beside his fair lady, ever on the watch to unloose her merlin when the quarry was in sight, and to replace it on the brodered glove, after taking the prey from its talons—no wonder he exulted in a pastime which combined the in-door pleasures of conversation with the charms of pure air and bright sunshine. The tastes of the nobles of the middle ages led them to consider wild fowl as the greatest delicacy: now, it was by hawking alone that these could be obtained; and what, perhaps, added the highest zest to this favourite food, was the remembrance that it was altogether beyond the reach of the lower orders. The bold outlaw, in despite of a folio of forest laws written in blood, ranged the greenwood, and, almost before the eyes of the fendal lord, bore off the “hart of Greece,” a trophy of his trusty bow and well-fledged arrow; but, “hern, pendrich, and plover,” were beyond his aim; and money to buy, and time and skill to train the falcon, were alike denied him. Hawking thus became emphatically the sport of the high-born; and when, subsequently, the various species of hawks were assigned to the various gradations of rank, “the gerfalcon for a king—the falcon gentle for a prince—the falcon of the rock for a duke—the sacret for a knight—the merlin

for a lady—the lanere for a 'squire," it became a species of heraldry; and the falcon on the wrist indicated the rank of the noble no less than his armorial bearings.

Intelligent and attached were these feathered favourites, and capable of a high degree of education. "Well manned * as a sparrow-hawk," was a proverb that illustrated to the minds of our ancestors the highest possible docility; and many a troubadour, in the songs addressed to his lady, bade her remark, in the upturned gaze and eager glance of her merlin, a transcript of his own ever watchful observance; and many a lesson of respectful demeanour was read by age to youth from the swift attention with which the falcon obeyed the call of his master; while the delicate shape, brilliant eyes, and graceful carriage of these beautiful birds, furnished the poets of the middle ages with a whole vocabulary of similes, as necessary to the due celebration of beauty, as roses and lilics have been to the rhymesters of later days. As hawks were now exclusively appropriated to high rank, the greatest possible care was bestowed on them; and the mews in every castle was an establishment of great extent and charge. The birds were constantly washed; every care was taken to preserve the smooth glossiness of their feathers; great atten-

* The technical term for *broke in*.

tion was paid to their diet. Charms and spells, consisting of texts of holy writ, were collected in abundance to shield them from every real or imagined danger. The law, too, interposed her protecting arm; the stealing a hawk, or concealing her after proclamation by the sheriff, was *felony*; and the mere taking her eggs was punished with the enormous infliction of imprisonment for a year and a day. And gallantly bedecked were these valued birds, when transferred from their perch in the mews, to the broidered glove of lady or noble. The skill of the goldsmith or broiderer was invoked to add to their splendour, though they could not add to their beauty. The hood (mostly drawn over her eyes when the hawk was carried abroad) was of silk knitting, often exquisitely embroidered; the collar to which it was fastened was of the most exquisite goldsmith's work; round each of the legs was a leathern ring, termed a bewit, from whence depended two bells "of even weight, but in sound, one a semitone below the other." Indeed, Dame Juliana Berners is very particular on this point: "Sparrow hawkes' belles," says she, in the Boke of Saynte Alban, "are cheepe enow; but for goshawkes' belles, those from Milane are best, for they are soundede wythe sylvere." Beside these ornaments—to secure the bird on the hand, thin leathern straps, termed

"jesses," were attached to the legs, while a long silken thread, termed the "creance," was attached to one of the bewits, to hinder her from escaping when she rose into the air. Thus carefully bedecked, the custom of bearing the falcon on the wrist was adopted by every one of the privileged classes. Knight and noble were never seen in public without this important distinction. The romaunt writers always represent the Queen of Faërie as appearing with merlin on hand; and to part with his hawks, was considered by our forefathers the greatest sacrifice a gentleman could make. The earliest instance of the hawk being borne on glove appears in the Bayeux tapestry, where Harold is thus represented. As a general custom, however, it does not appear to have obtained until the close of the twelfth century. From that period to the middle of the sixteenth, this custom seems to have continued. Long after this, though no longer borne on hand, on state occasions the falcon remained a favourite; the mews was still an indispensable appendage to the noble's mansion, and hawking a most cherished sport. The last mention of this pastime the writer recollects to have met with, is in Lucy Hutchinson's delightful Memoirs, where she represents her husband, during the latter years of the protectorate, as amusing himself with his hawks. But it is time these preliminary remarks

should give place to the hero and heroine of the story—Sir Edgar Fitzallerton, and his good hawk, Elinore.

It was a gay scene beneath the old gray walls and frowning battlements of Allerton tower that the bright autumn sun opened his eye upon; for Sir Giles Fitzallerton, last Lammas Day, standing with hawk on wrist before the high altar of Rivaulx Abbey, had made a vow to our Lady, that the goodly tower and fair manor of Allerton, the only unentailed portion of his wide domains, should be the possession of that nephew whose hawk flew highest, and best obeyed the call of her master. Many were sorry when they heard of this vow, and wondered wherefore Sir Giles had made it; for, of all his nephews, none, save his eldest and next heir, Anthony, stood any chance of success; and, though his hawks were celebrated throughout the country, no celebration of good or gentle deeds did their master ever obtain; for a churl and a miser was Anthony Fitzallerton.

Father Christopher, too, the portly abbot of Rivaulx, read Sir Giles a long homily on his rash vow, and denounced, with much vehemence, all sports of the forest and river: but, alas! that homily failed in its effect; when, three days afterwards, the old knight met the worthy abbot, ambling gaily along on his

sleek mule, with sparrow-hawk on wrist, as eagerly engaged as a layman in the sports he had so fiercely exclaimed against. As it was now evident the opposition of the conscientious abbot arose solely from a wish to secure the goodly manor for the benefit of his richly-endowed abbey, Sir Giles forthwith gave public intimation of his intention, and invited his neighbours, for many miles round, to witness the sport. Still his domestics thought they could perceive an unwonted gloom on their master's brow, and an angry flush of the cheek, when Anthony's hawks were mentioned, which seemed to indicate he had already repented his rash vow; but none dared inquire, for Sir Giles was fierce and proud; and, moreover, it was well known, however rash the vow, he would keep it to the strictest letter. It was on the eve of the day appointed for the contest, of which the fair manor of Allerton was to be the prize, that a young knight presented himself at the gate, and prayed admittance to his uncle, Sir Giles Fitzallerton. Who may describe the joy of the old knight, when he recognized, in this young stranger, the son of his favourite brother, and moreover, that he possessed one of the most beautiful and well trained hawks that his eye (and it was a well practised one) ever beheld. The walls of the old tower that evening rung with songs, and laughter, and shouts of merri-

ment, for Sir Giles bade a sumptuous supper be prepared, and caused a tun of malvoisie to be broached for those who sat above the salt-cellar, and a barrel of stout ale for those that sat below it, that all might drink right merrily—"Success to Sir Edgar Fitzallerton, who had obtained knighthood for his prowess in France, and success to his good hawk, Elinore."

And it was indeed a pleasant and goodly scene, while yet the dew-drops hung in a thick shower on the branches, and the throstle awakened her matin hymn, to see the falconers, in their rich liveries, standing beneath the walls of the old gray tower, each with a falcon hooded on his wrist, and the greyhounds and raches in leash beside him; while the gallant and noble company that came from afar to witness the sport, with waving plumes, and gilded bridles, and jewelled baldrics, and ladies in broidered and pearl-decked hoods, and kirtles of golden sheen gleaming in the upward sunbeams, and eyes that outshone the morning, formed a theme for many a minstrel's lay. And when the pondrous gate swung back, and the huge draw-bridge heavily descended, the neighing of the palfreys, the tinkle of the hawks' bells, and the shrill whistle of the falconers, and the merry shouts of the numerous company, all mingled in a wild but not unpleasing chorus.

Allerton Mere was the appointed place; and

thither came six nephews of the old knight, each with falcon on wrist; and the "royal sport" soon commenced. One after another the heroes soared into the air; but high as they might rise, Sir Edgar's gallant falcon rose higher, and darting downward, with her sharp beak forced the lifeless quarry to the ground. There was one kingly heron that rose on so proud a wing, that he seemed but a speck in the clear blue. "Look at yon noble bird," exclaimed Sir Giles exultingly; "let Allerton manor be the prize of him whose falcon shall bring him down. The noble company looked with amazement on each other, for all knew there was no creance long enough to permit the falcon to soar so high; but young Sir Edgar broke his falcon's creance, and watched her with an air of calm triumph, as she soared unfettered, into the bright sky, careless of the loud and malignant laugh that burst from his rival, Anthony. And right was his trust in the fidelity of his gallant Elinore, for the noble bird swiftly descended from her viewless height, fast holding the lifeless heron, and laying it at her master's feet, again sprung joyfully on his glove.

With merry glee and glad smiles did Sir Giles Fitzallerton now ride homeward; and ere the dinner commenced, rising from his elevated seat on the dais, he commanded his seneschal to bring the grace-cup;

and after drinking a hearty welcome to the noble company, twice did he drain the rich pigment to the last drop, for he drank "wassail to Sir Edgar, lord of the manor of Allerton, and wassail to his brave hawk, Elinore!"

Days passed on, and Sir Edgar remained a cherished guest of his uncle, when, with Elinore on his glove, and his hound in leash, unattended and unseen, he set forth, while the morning was yet gray and mist-wrapt, to the scene of his late triumph. He soon lost sight of the old gray tower, and unloosing his falcon, as a heron arose from the rushes beside him, leaned against a bank, and contemplated the surrounding landscape. The gallant Elinore, swiftly mounting, with unerring aim struck down the noble bird, and resumed her place on his glove; but Sir Edgar perceived it not. The mists had rolled away, and as the fair expanse of hill, dale, and moorland, and, in the farthest distance, the still lake reposing in placid beauty, met his eye, he gazed, lost to every thing save that fair landscape spread out in almost measureless extent around him. The heron lay unnoticed at his feet, the hound sat with upturned eyes, eagerly watching the birds as they rose into the air, and Elinore uttered her shrill cry as she marked the herons wheeling around her, and half opened her speckled wings, and unavailingly stretched her glossy

neck, in vain attempting to follow them. Alas! there stood Sir Edgar, with a mind full of glad thoughts, little reckoning what a day should bring forth.

The table in Allerton hall was spread for the noon-tide meal; but Sir Giles sat alone on the dais:—the even-song bell rung for vespers; but Sir Giles knelt alone at the chapel altar; and the hound returned masterless to the tower. Next day strict but fruitless search was made for Sir Edgar; his beautiful falcon was discovered sitting close beside his mantle, which was found beneath the bank, but no other traces were discovered. Days passed on, and as no light seemed to be thrown on this dark mystery, it was at length thought, that in pursuing his favourite sport too keenly, Sir Edgar must have fallen into the mere.

Sir Giles sorrowfully acquiesced in this opinion, and soon a stone cross on its banks implored the prayer of the passing stranger for Sir Edgar Fitzallerton, who lay entombed beneath its waters; and ever at nightfall, four white-robed priests, with taper in hand, raised the solemn chant for the dead in his chantry in Allerton Priory.

A few months only passed away, and the deep-toned death-bell of Rivaulx Abbey swung heavily and suddenly, startling the timid deer in the adjacent

forest, while the hind quitted his labour, and the housewife her distaff, to gaze on the gorgeous procession of spearmen with trailing lances, heralds with blazoned scutcheons, and white-robed choristers that graced in solemn array the funeral of Sir Giles Fitzallerton; and then, Anthony, his heir, crossed with proud foot-step the threshold of the so-long-coveted tower: and to pay due homage to their new master, with reverent but reluctant steps, the whole household advanced, the old falconer bearing on his hand, as the most valuable present to the new heir, the beautiful falcon of the lost Sir Edgar. What could be the cause? That gallant bird, so gentle to every one, flew fiercely at the heir, and attacked him with the utmost fury! None inquired the reason, but many a significant look was exchanged; and when he precipitately departed, many a prayer to heaven for vengeance was breathed by the trembling lips of the horror-struck household.

Never after that day did Anthony Fitzallerton enter the tower, nor never did he permit a hawk to be borne in his presence; he secluded himself from all company, and scarcely ever rode abroad. Solitude and desolation dwelt year after year within the ancient tower of Allerton; the grass sprung rankly in the wide hall, where for so many generations the song of the minstrel and the laugh of the merry

household had echoed ; and as the old falconer, now its sole inhabitant, paced up and down its deserted floor, he almost fancied he could distinguish the voice of his old master, as the wind sighed mournfully through the broken casements, and the owl hooted wildly from the battlements. But if gloom enwrap the old tower, a deeper gloom enwrap the features of its rightful owner. He, for whom the cross had been reared, and the service sung, was yet living, though an outcast from his inheritance and a wanderer in other lands. He had been struck down by the dagger of his rival cousin ; but death had not followed : and, while he lay senseless, some travellers passed by, who, unable to stay and await his recovery, yet unwilling to leave him, carried him with them to a distant part of the country : there, after his slow recovery, he heard the news of his uncle's death, and his enemy's consequent possession of the inheritance : and with sorrowful heart he turned his face towards the nearest sea-port ; and with good sword, set forth to Flanders.

Ten years passed on—the gray moss had almost obliterated the inscription on the cross beside the mere, and the bush that shaded the senseless body of Sir Edgar when struck down by his cousin's dagger, now lifted a tall stem, and the throstle built her nest among its branches, when King Henry, in one of his

progresses into the north, arrived with his numerous and splendid train in the neighbourhood. Again a hawking match was proclaimed, and Allerton Mere was the appointed place. Again the sun opened his eye upon a gay and gallant scene; and as the procession passed the deserted old tower of Allerton, the ancient falconer, with Elinore, now aged also, on his wrist, looked forth, perchance comparing in his mind the gallant array of that morning when the fair manor of Allerton was the prize of the victor, with the splendid pageant that now passed by. And wrapt in deep and sorrowful musings, the old man stood before the mouldering gateway, unconscious of the near approach of the monarch, while Elinore looked forth with her bright intelligent eyes, and fluttered her speckled wings, as the shrill whistle of the falconers, and the tinkle of the hawk's bells (well-remembered sounds) struck on her ear.

The last of our Henrys was always strongly attached to field sports; and happy had it been for that age, had his pursuits been always as innocent. As he approached the old tower, the surpassing beauty of Elinore caught his eye, and he called to the old man to follow him. Overjoyed at this unexpected condescension, the falconer came forth, proud of the notice of the monarch, and still more proud of the noble bird whose beauty had been the cause. The royal

and noble company soon reached the borders of the clear lake;—the herons were roused; each noble unhooded his falcon, when the king commanded that Elinore alone should be unloosed, that he might better witness her skill; and the old falconer, with many praises of her matchless training, threw her off his hand. The gallant bird sprung into the air: but the heron wheeled proudly and heedlessly around; for Elinore, with the wildest cries of joy, had alighted on the hand of a meanly dressed man, who stood unnoticed among the many spectators of the sport. And warmly did he return the caresses of the joyful bird, while the wondering company stared with looks of astonishment at this strange sight; for the lord of the fair manor of Allerton stood amidst his neighbours unrecognised and unwelcomed, save by his faithful falcon. The king beckoned him forward, and soon learned his whole history; and now, too, that after many years of disappointment and anxiety he had returned to England, when, hearing that the king was about to visit that neighbourhood, he determined to follow his train, hoping to find a fitting season to detail his eventful history.

It needs not to tell of the shouts of welcome that re-echoed within the old tower, when the long-lost Sir Edgar Fitzallerton took possession of Allerton manor; nor to describe the joy and gratulation of his

neighbours, when, soon after, the ample domains of his cousin Anthony, who did not long survive this public disclosure of his treachery, were added to it. As Sir Edgar was now a knight of great wealth and consideration, the worthy abbot of Rivaulx sent him a most loving letter, indited by his own hand, and sealed with the convent seal, exhorting him to show his gratitude to heaven for this signal interposition in his favour, by his munificent gifts to the holy church; hinting that a new altar service, and a kirtle for "our lady," also a new set of bells, would be most acceptable presents. The four worthy priests, too, who, for the last ten years had sung the service for the living Sir Edgar, also suggested how proper it would be to continue that service "*in perpetuo*," by founding some well-endowed priory. But to all these suggestions Sir Edgar answered not; for, though he had returned from the continent as poor as he had set forth, yet he had gained there more enduring riches than perishing gold, for he had brought back with him a purer faith and more enlightened practice; and soon a well-endowed hospital and well-regulated grammar-school bore witness to the gratitude of the lord of Allerton manor.

In a little chapel, overgrown with ivy, and now falling fast into decay, the lover of ancient memorials may behold a time-worn monument, on which pla-

cidly reclines an aged man, in his long furred gown and rich collar of knighthood, his right hand resting on a Bible, while his left supports a beautiful falcon, carved with the utmost delicacy, the splendid chasing of whose bells and collar seem to mark her as a cherished favourite; and such, indeed, she deserved to be—for it is the effigy of the brave hawk, ELINORE, and this is the tomb of SIR EDGAR FITZALLERTON.

S.

HIDDEN FEELINGS.

It has been said that “the heart has no echo,” and some have added, “except for its grief.” Certainly the finer joys pass rapidly across the mirror of the mind, and we need some powerful incantation to bring them back, and stay them there, if but for an hour. If familiarity blunts the more delicate susceptibilities of social life, literature may be said to supply an antidote to this ungracious influence. Every one has had occasion to experience, or to remark, how at the meeting of old friends, there suddenly gush upwards, as from hidden sources, many a tender feeling which had been choked up, or trodden down, or let run to waste.

ANON.

THE AMERICAN FOREST GIRL.

A fearful gift upon thy heart is laid,
Woman!—a power to suffer and to love,
Therefore thou so canst pity

WILDLY and mournfully the Indian drum
On the deep hush of moonlight forests broke ;—
“Sing us a death-song, for thine hour is come,”—
So the red warriors to their captive spoke.
Still, and amidst those dusky forms alone,
A youth, a fair-hair'd youth of England stood,
Like a king's son ; tho' from his cheek had flown
The mantling crimson of the island-blood,
And his press'd lips look'd marble.—Fiercely bright,
And high around him, blazed the fires of night,
Rocking beneath the cedars to and fro,
As the wind pass'd, and with a fitful glow
Lighting the victim's face :—But who could tell
Of what within his secret heart befell,
Known but to heaven that hour ? — Perchance a
thought
Of his far home then so intensely wrought,
That its full image, pictured to his eye
On the dark ground of mortal agony,

Rose clear as day!—and he might *see* the band
Of his young sisters wandering hand in hand,
Where the laburnums droop'd; or haply binding
The jasmine, up the door's low pillars winding;
Or, as day closed upon their gentle mirth,
Gathering with braided hair around the hearth
Where sat their mother;—and that mother's face
Its grave sweet smile yet wearing in the place
Where so it ever smiled!—Perchance the prayer
Learn'd at her knee came back on his despair;
The blessing from her voice, the very tone
Of her "*Good-night*" might breathe from boyhood gone!

He started and look'd up:—thick cypress boughs
Full of strange sounds, waved o'er him, darkly red
In the broad stormy firelight;—savage brows,

With tall plumes crested and wild hues o'erspread,
Girt him like feverish phantoms; and pale stars
Look'd through the branches as thro' dungeon bars,
Shedding no hope.—He knew, he felt his doom—
Oh! what a tale to shadow with its gloom
That happy hall in England!—Idle fear!
Would the winds tell it?—Who might dream or hear
The secrets of the forests?—To the stake

They bound him; and that proud young soldier
strove

His father's spirit in his breast to wake,
Trusting to die in silence! He, the love

Of many hearts!—the fondly rear'd,—the fair,
Gladdening all eyes to see!—And fetter'd there
He stood beside his death-pyre, and the brand
Flamed up to light it, in the chieftain's hand.
He thought upon his God.—Hush! hark!—a cry
Breaks on the stern and dread solemnity,—
A step hath pierc'd the ring!—Who dares intrude
On the dark hunters in their vengeful mood?—
A girl—a young slight girl—a fawn-like child
Of green Savannas and the leafy wild,
Springing unmark'd till then, as some lone flower
Happy because the sunshine is its dower:
Yet one that knew how early tears are shed,—
For *hers* had mourn'd a playmate brother dead.

She had sat gazing on the victim long,
Until the pity of her soul grew strong;
And, by its passion's deepening fervour sway'd,
Ev'n to the stake she rush'd, and gently laid
His bright head on her bosom, and around
His form her slender arms to shield it wound
Like close Liannes; then raised her glittering eye
And clear-toned voice that said, "He shall not
die!"

"He shall not die!"—the gloomy forest thrill'd
To that sweet sound. A sudden wonder fell

On the fierce throng; and heart and hand were
still'd,

Struck down, as by the whisper of a spell.
They gazed,—their dark souls bow'd before the
maid,

She of the dancing step in wood and glade!
And, as her cheek flush'd through its olive hue,
As her black tresses to the night-wind flew,
Something o'ermaster'd them from that young mien—
Something of heaven, in silence felt and seen;
And seeming, to their child-like faith a token
That the Great Spirit by her voice had spoken.

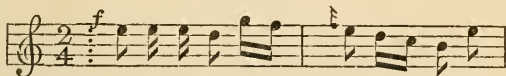
They loosed the bonds that held their captive's
breath;
From his pale lips they took the cup of death;
They quench'd the brand beneath the cypress tree;
“Away,” they cried, “young stranger, thou art free!”

HEMANS.

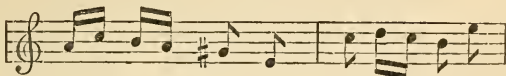
You are a lovely July Flower.

HENRICK.

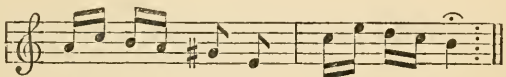
RUSSIAN AIR.



You are a love - ly Ju - ly flow'r, Yet



one rude wind or ruf - fling show'r, Will



force you hence and in an hour.

2.

You are a tulip, seen to-day,
But, dearest, of so short a stay,
That where you grew scarce man can say.

3.

You are a sparkling rose i' the bud,
Yet lost ere that chaste flesh and blood,
Can show where you ere grew or stood.

4.

You are the queen all flow'rs among,
But die you must, fair maid, ere long,
As he the maker of this song.

STANZAS.

I never cast a flower away,
The gift of one who cared for me,
A little flower,—a faded flower,—
But it was done reluctantly.

I never looked a last adieu
To things familiar, but my heart
Shrank with a feeling almost pain,
E'en from their lifelessness to part.

I never spoke the word Farewell !
But with an utterance faint and broken ;
A heart-sick yearning for the time
When it should never more be spoken.

MISS BOWLES.

BE KIND.

Be kind to thy father—for when thou wert young,
Who loved thee as fondly as he ?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And joined in thine innocent glee :
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with grey ;
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold ;
Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother, for lo ! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen ;
O well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.
Remember thy mother—for thee will she pray,
As long as God giveth her breath ;
With accents of kindness, then, cheer her lone way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother—his heart will have dearth,
If the smile of thy love be withdrawn ;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.

Be kind to thy brother—wherever you are,
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament, purer and richer by far
Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister—not many may know
The depths of true sisterly love ;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,
And blessings thy pathway to crown ;
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,
More precious than wealth or renown.

EVENING.

How lovely, Evening, is thy parting smile !
The twilight softness of thy glowing sky
May well the poet's pensive dream beguile,
And kindle rapture in his languid eye.
There is a quiet magic in the sigh
Of thy cool breezes and thy twinkling dews,
The insects' hum, the birds' wild melody,

Thy few faint stars, and all the varying hues
That o'er thy pallid cheek their maiden blush suffuse.

I love the setting sun's last glance of light,
When vernal clouds have wept themselves away :
Flowers are more fragrant and their tints more bright ;
More blithe the nightingale's reviving lay :
The drops fall sparkling from the leafy spray,
As fitful breezes toss the straggling brier ;
And the far hill flings back the level ray ;
So pure the liquid air, that cot and spire,
Distinct in distance, gleam with evening's golden fire.

The poet's glances, wheresoe'er they roll,
A paradise of living splendour make ;
And in the magic mirror of his soul,
Earth's simple beauties lovelier forms awake ;
As in the green depth of some limpid lake,
Unruffled by the west wind's vesper sighs,
Tree, hill, and cloud, a soften'd brilliance take,
Till all the landscape in reflection lies
A fairy world of light, enshrined in purer skies.

But Spring hath sights which melt upon the mind
With an o'erpowering beauty : early flowers
That children in their evening rambles find—

The soft, half-opened foliage, wet with showers—
Luxuriant shoots, that o'er the twilight bowers
Wave wildly—dappled skies and sparkling rills ;
And Spring hath music for our love-sick hours :
Wild notes of forest warblers ; and the hills,
All silent as they seem, a mingled murmur fills.

WILT THOU REMEMBER ?

WILT thou remember me when I am gone ?

Say, wilt thou weep when I am far from thee ?
Let all the world forget, so thou alone
Will give me place within thy memory.

Remember me, when in the hour of sadness,

Thou fain would'st have a friend to weep with thee ;
And sometimes, in thy careless hours of gladness,
Pause for a moment and remember me.

Though smiles around thy beauteous lip be wreathing,
Though thy light laugh should echo through the hall,
Though many round thee flattery are breathing,—
Remember me ! thy heart will spurn it all.

Remember me, in the soft summer's eve,
And let me be remembered with a sigh ;
The very fragrance of the flowers will grieve
Thee, raising thoughts of days gone by.

Remember me, when the night-winds are sighing,
Think that my name is echoed in their tone ;
And when their voice is slowly, sadly dying,
Bowdown thy head, and weep for him that's gone !

Remember me when thou art sad and weary,
And fain would'st weep, although thou know'st not
why,
When all within and all without seems dreary,
Then breathe my name, and breathe it with a sigh !

AUTUMN.

THE summer days are over,
Have past away and gone,
And tranquilly and soberly
The autumn hurries on ;

And twilight, with her silent step,
And with her matron hue,
Comes quicker o'er the mountain's brow
Than she was wont to do.

The rivulets in solitude
Of desolation glide,
For gone are all the merry birds
That sported on the tide ;
And forest pines are shedding
Their honours on the ground,
And gloomily the zephyr breathes
Their requiem profound.

Her dew-drops evening gathers,
To gild the morning hours,—
But dew-drops fall on withered leaves,
And moisten dying flowers,—
For the rose has lost its fragrance,
The hyacinth its smell,
And all the pretty violets
Have withered in the dell.

The daisies, artless, smiling,
My wanderings find no more ;
The king-cups that come after them—
Their golden reign is o'er

And clover, with its ruddy bloom,
That opens where they fell,
Ere many fading mornings
Shall meet its grave as well.

Light winds that fanned the bosom,
By sultry noon inflamed,
Have fled on startled pinions,
Like doves but newly tamed ;
For the summer days are over,
Have past away and gone,
And darkly through the frosty sky,
Brown autumn hastens on.

But the months we used to love so,
Shall come to us again,
With constant cheer of fragrance,
And rare delights of rain ;
And sunshine, at our waking,
Be still found smiling by,
With all the earnest beauty
Of some beloved eye.

Young leaves shall flutter softly,
As if each tried its wing,
News of the snowdrop's parting lips
The wild bee's trumpet bring—

And fields, and woods, and waters,
Joy in the bluebird's notes,
As on the south wind wildly
His fluty music floats.

Along the hazel pathways
The traveller will meet
Loose hair, and laughing faces,
And morn-elastic feet ;
Now for the bird uplooking,
With hand-o'ershaded eye,
Now seeking flowers—I sought them
Some twenty summers by.

Alas ! alas ! reflection,
When thou dost interfere,
Though all is gay, what shadows
Thy musings gather here ;
To think of spring-tides coming
That I am not to see !
To think a weed will shortly bloom
From dust that I shall be !

A. A. LOCKE.

THE WATERFOWL.

I SAW on the breast of a beautiful river,
That reflected the green of the hill—
While scarce to the sunbeam it gave a slight quiver,
For the breath of the morning was still—
A bird, with a breast than the drifted snow whiter,
Serenely and silently glide,
And give to the waters an image still brighter—
Seeming Peace upon Pleasure's fair tide.
Still on like the Solitude's spirit it glided,
Till a stranger intruding too near,
Upraising its wings the light ether divided,
Far away from all shadow of fear !
Oh happy the soul that reposes so lightly
On the bosom of temporal things ;
At danger's approach it can soar away brightly,
Above on etherial wings.

J. H. MIFFLIN.

RUINS.

THE spirit of decay has breathed
 Along these wasted walls,
And on their ruins heavily
 Time's sullen footstep falls ;
Around the temple's crumbling pride
 The folding ivy twines,
And the grey moss has gathered o'er
 Their desolated shrines.
Though in the former days of pride,
 Music was in these bowers,
And the voice of song was loud and gay,
 To hurry the fleeting hours,
The lyre is mute, and song is still,
 Above a buried race,
And the night-winds solemn music make
 Over their resting place.
The stars have worn their silver glow
 From nature's Eden prime,
The sun rolls on his mighty course,
 As at the dawn of time ;

Fixed in their everlasting strength
The rock-ribbed mountains stay,
And as it rolled in days of old,
So rolls the sea to-day ;
But man and all his pageantries,
And all his powers decay ;
On human art and human wit
Is the doom to pass away.

ANON.

TOUCH THY HARP.

TOUCH thy harp ! and wake once more
Strains that were sweet of old,
Though their early hopes are o'er,
And their fallen shrine is cold,—
Cold—save where from memory falling,
Sparkle rays of other times,
Like the voice of kindred calling
One who faints in foreign climes.

Touch thy harp ! and let its numbers
Tell of severed faith a tale,

Scenes for which time hath no slumbers,
For which memory hath no veil :
When the heart had fairy dreams,
And the world had fairy forms,
Youth still sheds its morning beams
But the sky has known of storms.

Touch thy harp ! there is a wreath
Woven at our parting hour,
Ivy twined with mountain heath,
And the glorious passion flower ;
Now it has nor breath nor bloom,
Time has left a withering stain,
But those strains of old resume,
And the flowers will bloom again.

Touch thy harp ! that brow has caught
One sweet look of other years,
One it wore ere sorrow sought,
And the cheek was stained with tears ;
Deeper, holier springs of feeling
Since that hour have sparkled here,
Founts that waited grief's unsealing,
Though, in joy, thou wert so dear.

Touch thy harp ! there is a bower,
By a bonny lowland lake,

Girt with many a forest flow
Lovely for the loveliest's sake ;
There its sounds were wont to float
With the moonbeams o'er the hill,
Hushed is now each gentle note,
But the bower is blooming still.

Touch thy harp ! the jewelled fingers
That along its chords now stray,
And the form that o'er it lingers,
Decked in ' Fashion's fair array '—
These might tell a tale of gladness,
Save to one who knows thee well,
One who shared thy cup of sadness,
On whose path its mildew fell !

Touch thy harp ! the wreath that trembles
In those curls of sunny brown,
Fair as fragile, it resembles
Hopes, whose setting sun went down
Ere one leaf by time was shaken
From life's green, unwithered bough,
Still their shrine is unforsaken,
Though those hopes are romance now.

L. P. SMITH.

SEPARATION.

OH 't is one scene of parting here,
Love's watchword is—Farewell !
And almost starts the following tear,
Ere dried the last that fell !
'T is but to feel that one most dear
Is needful to the heart,
And straight a voice is murmuring near,
Imperious, Ye must part.

Oft too we doom ourselves to grieve ;
For wealth or glory rove ;
But say, can wealth or glory give
Aught that can equal love ?
Life is too short, thus to bereave
Existence of its spring,
Or e'en for one short hour to leave
Those to whose hearts we cling

Count o'er the hours whose happy flight
Is shared with those we love ;
Like stars amid a stormy night,
Alas ! how few they prove !

Yet they concentrate all the light
That cheers our lot below ;
And thither turns the weary sight,
In this dark world of woe.

And could we live if we believed
The future like the past ?
Still hope we on, though still deceived ;
The hour will come at last,
When all the visions fancy weaved
Shall be by truth imprest ;
And they who still in absence grieved,
Shall be together blest !

But happiest he whose gifted eye
Above this world can see,
And those diviner realms descry,
Where partings cannot be ;
Who, with one changeless friend on high,
Life's varied path has trod,
And soars to meet beyond the sky,
The ransomed and their God.

TOWNSEND.

TO MUSIC.

MYSTERIOUS keeper of the key
That opes the gates of memory !
Oft in thy wildest, simplest strain,
We live o'er years of bliss again.

The exile listens to the song
Once heard his native bowers among ;
And straightway in his visions rise
Hope's sunny fields and cloudless skies.

Enchantress sweet of smiles and tears,
Spell of the dream of vanished years,
Mysterious keeper of the key
That opes the gates of memory,—

'T is thine to bid sad hearts be gay,
Yet chase the smiles of mirth away ;
Joy's sparkling eyes in tears to steep,
Yet make the mourner cease to weep !

To gloom or sadness thou canst suit
The chords of thy delicious lute ;
To every heart thou hast a tone,
Rendering its sadness all thine own.

A. A. WATTS.

THE BEE AND THE LADY-FLOWER.

As Julia once a slumbering lay,
It chanced a Bee did fly that way.
After a dew, or dew-like shower,
To tipple freely in a flower.
For some rich flower, he took the lip
Of Julia, and began to sip;
But when he felt, he sucked from thence
Honey, and in the quintessence,
He drank so much he scarce could stir,
So Julia took the pilferer,
And thus surprised, as filchers use,
He thus began to make excuse:
"Sweet *Lady-Flower*, I never brought
Hither the least one thieving thought;
But taking these rare lips of yours
For some fresh, fragrant, luscious flowers,
I thought I might there take a taste,
Where so much syrup ran to waste;
Besides, know this, I never sting
The flower that gives me nourishing;
But with a kiss, or thanks, do pay
For honey that I bear away."

This said, he laid his little scrip
Of honey 'fore her ladyship:
And told her, as some tears did fall,
That *that* he took, and that was all.
At which she smiled, and bade him go
And take his bag; but this much know,
When next he came a pilfering so,
He should from her full lips derive,
Honey enough to fill his hive.

HERRICK.

A REAL OCCURRENCE IN A CIRCLE OF
FRIENDS.

Which is the happiest death to die?
"Oh!" said one "if I might choose,
Long at the gates of bliss would I lie,
And feast my spirit, ere it fly,
With bright celestial views.
Mine were a lingering death without pain,
A death which all might love to see,
And mark how bright and sweet should be
The victory I should gain!

"Fain would I catch a hymn of love
From the angel harps which ring above.

And sing it, as my parting breath
Quivered and expired in death,—
So that those on earth might hear
The harp-notes of another sphere;
And mark, when nature faints and dies,
What springs of heavenly life arise;
And gather, from the death they view,
A ray of hope to light them through,
When they should be departing too.”

“No,” said another, “so not I:
Sudden as thought is the death I would die;
I would suddenly lay my shackles by,
Nor bear a single pang at parting,
Nor see the tear of sorrow starting,
Nor hear the quivering lips that bless me,
Nor feel the hands of love that press me,
Nor the frame, with mortal terror shaking,
Nor the heart, where love’s soft bands are
breaking:

“So would I die?
All bliss, without a pang to cloud it!
All joy, without a pain to shroud it!
Not slain, but caught up, as it were,
To meet my Saviour in the air!
So would I die!

Oh how bright
Were the realms of light,
Bursting at once upon my sight !
Even so,
I long to go :
These parting hours, how sad and slow !”

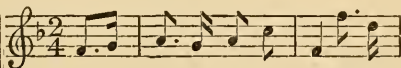
His voice grew faint, and fix'd was his eye,
As if gazing on visions of ecstasy :
The hue of his cheek and lips decayed,
Around his mouth a sweet smile played ;—
They looked—he was dead !
His spirit had fled ;
Painless and swift as his own desire,
The soul, undressed
From her mortal vest,
Had stepped into her car of heavenly fire ;
And proved how bright
Were the realms of light
Bursting at once upon the sight !

EDMESTON

The Winter it is Past.

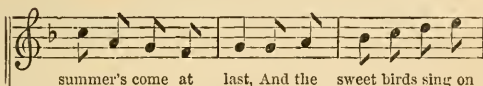
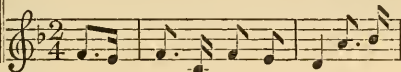
FOR TWO EQUAL VOICES.

1st
Voice.

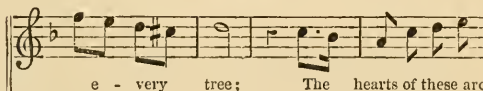
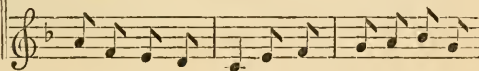


The win - ter it is past, and the

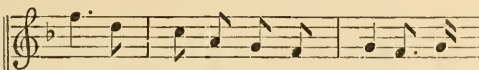
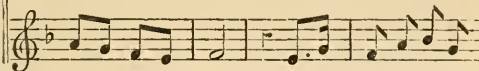
2nd
Voice.



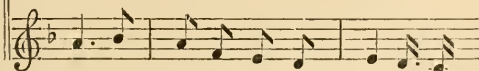
summer's come at last, And the sweet birds sing on



e - very tree; The hearts of these are



glad, but mine is very sad, For my





The rose upon the brier, by the waters running clear,
May give joy to the linnet and the bee;
Their little loves are bless'd, and their little hearts at rest;
But my true love is parted from me.

My love is like the sun, that in the sky does run,
For ever so constant and true;
But her's is like the moon, that wanders up and down,
And every month it is new.

All you that are in love, and cannot it remove,
I pity the pains you endure;
For experience makes me know that your hearts are full
of woe,—
A woe that no mortal can cure.

THE SHAMROCK.

ENGLAND displays, as her symbol, the glowing rose,—Scotland, the lilac tuft of her hardy and gigantic thistle,—and alas! poor Erin's green shamrock has too often out-blushed them both, as the life-blood of many a victim oozed forth upon the sod, under the iron reign of spiritual tyranny, which still sharpens, for its own dark purposes, the weapons of civil discord; wading onward, through rivers of blood, to the goal of its insatiable ambition.

But I must not identify the gentle shamrock with themes so revolting; I have pleasanter combinations in view, and long to introduce to my readers the companion with whom, for seven successive years, I sought out the symbol so dear to his patriotic heart, and watched the prayerful expression of his countenance, while he gazed upon it. He was dumb: no articulate sound had ever passed his lips, no note of melody had ever penetrated his closed ear.

The Irish have a tradition, that when St. Patrick first proclaimed among their fathers the glad tidings of salvation, making known to them the existence of the tri-une Jehovah, the greatness of that mystery

perplexed and staggered his disciples. They urged those cavils wherewith poor natural reason loves to oppose the revelations of infinite wisdom. "How," they asked, "can three be one? how can one be three?" The missionary stooped to gather a shamrock leaf which grew at his feet; telling them that God had carpetted their beautiful island with an illustration of what they considered so incomprehensible: and thenceforth, say the legends, the shamrock was adopted as a symbol of the faith embraced by Christianized Ireland. This I know, that with a shamrock in my hand, I have gained access to many an Irish heart, while my auditors eagerly listened to whatever I might preach upon the text of St. Patrick.

The dumb boy fully understood all this; he frequently alluded to it: and sweet it is to reflect, that he whose tongue was silent on earth, is singing a new and glorious song before the throne of that Incomprehensible ONE, whom he knew and adored—as Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier—while seeing through a glass more dark, perhaps, than that which we are privileged to use.

But another circumstance, never to be erased from my fondest recollection, has inseparably combined that boy's image with the shamrock leaf. I had taken him from his parents at the age of eleven;

and it will readily be believed, that the grateful love which he bore to me, as his only instructor and friend, extended itself to those who were dear to me. There was one, round whom all the strings of my heart had entwined from the cradle. Jack appeared to understand, better than any one else ever did, the depth of my affection for this precious relative, and most ardently did the boy love him. He went to Ireland; and Jack remained in England with me. Many weeks had not passed, before our hearts were wrung by the intelligence, that this beloved object had been snatched away by a sudden and violent death. The shock, the grief, that preyed upon the boy's affectionate heart, while witnessing what I endured, proved too much for him, and led to the lingering decline which, after years of suffering, terminated his mortal existence.

It was some months after my family bereavement, that, on the dawn of Patrick's day, I summoned Jack to sally forth, and gather shamrocks. To my surprise, he declined putting one in his hat; and when I rallied, remonstrated, and at last almost scolded him, he only repeated the gentle movement of the hand, which implied rejection, sometimes spelling, "No,—no." I was puzzled at this; especially as a deep shade of pensiveness overcast a countenance that always was dressed in smiles on Patrick's day. I was

also vexed at his want of sympathy, on a subject on which we had always agreed so well—love for dear Ireland. In the middle of the day, I took him out with me, and again tendered the shamrock; but could not persuade him to mount it higher than his bosom. Seeing an Irish youth pass, with the national crest, I pointed to him, saying, “That good boy loves Ireland: bad Jack does not love it.” This touched him nearly: he answered sorrowfully, “Yes, Jack *very* much loves poor Ireland.” I shook my head, pointing to his hat; and, unable to bear the reproach, he reluctantly told me, while his eyes swam in tears, that he could not wear it in his hat, for shamrocks *now* grew on ——’s grave.

I will not attempt to express what I felt, at this trait of exquisite tenderness and delicacy in a poor peasant boy: but I told him that the little shamrocks were far dearer to me, because they made that spot look green and lovely. He instantly kissed the leaves, and put them in his hat; and when, after two years, I saw his own lowly grave actually covered with shamrocks, I felt that in this world I must not look for such another character. That child of God was commissioned to cross my path, that he might shed over it the pure and tranquillizing light of his eminently holy and happy spirit, during the darkest and most troubled season of my past pilgrimage.

Of Satan's power and malice he seemed to have a singularly experimental knowledge; yet always described him as a conquered foe. He once told me that the devil was like the candle before him; and, advancing his hand to the flame, suddenly withdrew it, as if burnt: then, after a moment's thought, exultingly added, that *God was the wind, which could put the candle out*; illustrating the assertion by extinguishing it with a most energetic puff. I often remarked in him such a realization of the constant presence of this great enemy, as kept him perpetually on his guard: and when it is remembered that Jack never knew enough of language to enable him to read the Bible, this will be felt to have been a striking proof of divine teaching. Jack knew many words, but they were principally nouns; he mastered substantives readily, and some of the most common adjectives, with a few adverbs, but the pronouns I never could make him attend to: the verbs he would generally express by signs. His language was a mere skeleton, rendered intelligible by his looks and gestures, both of which were remarkably eloquent. I have seen him transcribe from the Bible or prayer-book, as he was very fond of the pen; but when he has unintentionally turned over two leaves, or missed a line, he has not been sensible of the error: a proof that he wrote as he drew, merely to copy the forms

of what he saw. He once got hold of the verse, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world," and asked me to explain it. I did: and he would write it out twenty times, with great delight; but still preferred the symbol of the red hand. It may be asked why I did not advance him farther in language? There was a reluctance on his part which I could not surmount, and which he in some measure accounted for, by saying that he liked to talk to me, but not to others. He used the word "bother," to explain the sensation occasioned by any effort in the way of acquiring grammatical learning, and went off to his pencils with such glee, that, as he was a good deal employed about the house and garden, and evidently drooped when much confined to sedentary occupation, I yielded to his choice, determined to settle him, after a while, to his studies; and conscious that he was right in the remark which he made to me, that his not being able to talk better kept him out of the way of many bad things. His sister, who came over to me five months before his death, could not read; consequently they had no communication but by signs; and often have I been amazed to witness the strong argumentative discussions that went forward between them, on the grand question of religion. She looked on Jack as an apostate; while his whole soul was engaged in earnest

prayer, that she also might come out from her idolatrous church.

But to resume the subject of that spiritual teaching. Knowing as I did, how ignorant the boy was of the letter of Scripture, I beheld with astonishment the Bible written, as it were, on his heart and brain. Not only his ideas, but his expressions, as far as they went, were those of Scripture; and none who conversed with him could believe without close investigation that he was so unacquainted with the written word. When tempted to anything covetous or mercenary, he would fight against the feeling, saying, "No, no: Judas love money—devil loves money—Jesus Christ not love money—Jack know, money bad." I had of course brought him intimately acquainted with all the history of our blessed Lord; but it was God who made the spiritual application.

It was a sweet season when first the dumb boy commemorated at the Lord's table, that dying love which continually occupied his thoughts. A season never to be forgotten. A young countryman of his, for whom he was deeply interested, had, after a long conflict, renounced popery; and earnestly desired to partake with us the blessed ordinance. Consumption had been preying on Jack for many months, though he lived a year longer, and his pale face, and slender delicate figure, formed a touching contrast to the

stout ruddy young soldier who knelt beside him. The latter evinced much emotion ; but there was all the serenity, all the smiling loveliness of a clear summer sky on the countenance of Jack.

I have alluded to the strength of the boy's patriotism : this always appeared extraordinary to me. Of geography he had not the slightest idea, neither could any peculiarity of language (for the Irish is much spoken in his native place) or difference of accent, affect him. He showed not the slightest unwillingness to leave his country ; nor did a wish of returning to it ever seem to cross his mind. Yet was his love for Ireland so pervading, that it seemed to mix itself with all his thoughts. I have no doubt but that the sad contrast which his memory presented, of the wants, the vices, the slavish subjection of a priest-ridden population, to the comforts and decencies, and spiritual freedom of the land where he could worship God according to his conscience, without fear of man, was a principal ground of this tender compassionate love towards Ireland.

I well remember finding him one morning in the garden leaning on his spade, with tears trickling down his cheeks. On my approaching him with a look of inquiry, he took up a handful of earth, and showed me that it was so dry he could scarcely dig : then proceeded to tell me that, because of the drought,

he feared potatoes would not grow well in Ireland; and poor Irish would be all bone, and would be sick, and die, before they had learned to pray to Jesus Christ. He dwelt on this for a long while: and most pathetically entreated me to pray to God for poor Ireland. All that day he continued very sad: and on bidding me good-night, he gave a significant nod to one side, and joined his hands, signifying his intention to have a "long pray," as he used to call it. The next morning, I went to the garden; and most vehemently did he beckon for me to run till I came to where he stood; when, with a face flushed with joy, he turned rapidly over the well-moistened earth, then stuck his spade exultingly into it, and told me that he prayed a long while before he went to bed—got up soon after, to pray again—and, on returning to his little couch, slept till morning;—that while Jack was asleep, God, who had looked at his prayer, made a large cloud, and sent much rain; and now potatoes would grow, poor Irish would be fat and strong; and God, who sent the rain, would send them Bibles. He then lifted up his face to heaven, and with a look of unbounded love—so reverential, yet so sweetly confiding—such as I never beheld on any other countenance, he said, "Good, good Jesus Christ!" Often when my heart is particularly heavy for the wants and woes of Ireland, do I recall that triumphant

faith in which the boy pleaded for it, day by day, for seven years; and it gives me comfort more solid than can well be imagined.

His expression, that God looked at, or saw, his prayer, reminds me of another beautiful idea that he communicated to me. Observing that he could not speak to be heard, he made me open my watch; and then explained that as I, by so doing, could perceive all the movements of the wheels, so but without opening it, God could discern what passed in his head. A servant going to fetch something out of his room one night when he was supposed to have been asleep a long while, saw him at the low window on his knees, his joined hands raised up, and his eyes fixed on the stars, with a smile of joy and love, like nothing, she said, that ever she had seen or fancied. There was no light but from that spangled sky; and she left him there undisturbed. He told me that he liked to go to the window, and kneel down, that God might look through the stars into his head, to see how he loved Jesus Christ.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS

AT THE CONSECRATION OF PULASKI'S BANNER.

THE standard of Count Pulaski, the noble Pole who fell in the attack on Savannah, was embroidered by the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem in Pennsylvania.

WHEN the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowed head,
And the censer burning swung,
Where before the altar hung
That proud banner which with prayer,
Had been consecrated there ;
And the Nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while,
Sung low in the dim mysterious aisle.

Take thy banner. May it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave,
When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the Sabbath of our vale,—
When the clarion's music thrills
To the hearts of these lone hills,—
When the spear in conflict shakes,
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

Take thy banner; and beneath
The war-cloud's encircling wreath,
Guard it—till our homes are free—
Guard it—God will prosper thee!
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield thee then.

Take thy banner. But when night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquished warrior bow,
Spare him;—by our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him—he our love hath shared—
Spare him—as thou wouldst be spared.

Take thy banner;—and if e'er
Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,
And the muffled drum should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee.
And the warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud.

LONGFELLOW.

THE WIVES OF THE DEAD.

THE following story, the simple and domestic incidents of which may be deemed scarcely worth relating, after such a lapse of time, awakened some degree of interest, a hundred years ago, in a principal seaport of the Bay Province. The rainy twilight of an autumn day; a parlour on the second floor of a small house, plainly furnished, as beseemed the middling circumstances of its inhabitants, yet decorated with little curiosities from beyond the sea, and a few delicate specimens of Indian manufacture,—these are the only particulars to be premised in regard to scene and season.

Two young and comely women sat together by the fireside, nursing their mutual and peculiar sorrows. They were the recent brides of two brothers, a sailor and a landsman, and two successive days had brought tidings of the death of each, by the chances of Canadian warfare, and the tempestuous Atlantic. The universal sympathy excited by this bereavement, drew numerous condoling guests to the habitation of the widowed sisters. Several, among whom was the minister, had remained till the verge

of evening ; when one by one, whispering many comfortable passages of Scripture, that were answered by more abundant tears, they took their leave, and departed to their own happier homes. The mourners, though not insensible to the kindness of their friends, had yearned to be left alone. United, as they had been, by the relationship of the living, and now more closely so by that of the dead, each felt as if whatever consolation her grief admitted, were to be found in the bosom of the other. They joined their hearts, and wept together silently. But after an hour of such indulgence, one of the sisters, all of whose emotions were influenced by her mild, quiet, yet not feeble character, began to recollect the precepts of resignation and endurance, which piety had taught her, when she did not think to need them. Her misfortune, besides, as earliest known, should earliest cease to interfere with her regular course of duties ; accordingly, having placed the table before the fire, and arranged a frugal meal, she took the hand of her companion.

“Come, dearest sister ; you have eaten not a morsel to-day,” she said ; “arise, I pray you, and let us ask a blessing on that which is provided for us.”

Her sister-in-law was of a lively and irritable temperament, and the first pangs of her sorrow had been expressed by shrieks and passionate lamentation.

She now shrunk from Mary's words, like a wounded sufferer from a hand that revives the throb.

"There is no blessing left for me; neither will I ask it," cried Margaret, with a fresh burst of tears. "Would it were His will that I might never taste food more."

Yet she trembled at these rebellious expressions, almost as soon as they were uttered, and, by degrees, Mary succeeded in bringing her sister's mind nearer to the situation of her own. Time went on, and their usual hour of repose arrived. The brothers and their brides, entering the married state with no more than the slender means which then sanctioned such a step, had confederated themselves in one household, with equal rights to the parlour, and claiming exclusive privileges in two sleeping rooms contiguous to it. Thither the widowed ones retired, after heaping ashes upon the dying embers of their fire, and placing a lighted lamp upon the hearth. The doors of both chambers were left open, so that a part of the interior of each, and the beds with their unclosed curtains, were reciprocally visible. Sleep did not steal upon the sisters at one and the same time. Mary experienced the effect often consequent upon grief quietly borne, and soon sunk into temporary forgetfulness, while Margaret became more disturbed and feverish, in proportion as the night advanced with its deepest

and stillest hours. She lay listening to the drops of rain, that came down in monotonous succession, unswayed by the breath of wind; and a nervous impulse continually caused her to lift her head from the pillow, and gaze into Mary's chamber and the intermediate apartment. The cold light of the lamp threw the shadows of the furniture up against the wall, stamping them immoveably there, except when they were shaken by a sudden flicker of the flame. Two vacant arm-chairs were in their old positions on opposite sides of the hearth, where the brothers had been wont to sit in young and laughing dignity, as heads of families; two humbler seats were nearer them, the true thrones of that little empire, where Mary and herself had exercised in love, a power that love had won. The cheerful radiance of the fire had shone upon the happy circle, and the dead glimmer of the lamp might have befitted their reunion now. While Margaret groaned in bitterness, she heard a knock at the street-door.

"How would my heart have leapt at that sound but yesterday!" thought she, remembering the anxiety with which she had long awaited tidings from her husband. "I care not for it now; let them begone, for I will not arise."

But even while a sort of childish fretfulness made her thus resolve, she was breathing hurriedly, and

straining her ears to catch a repetition of the summons. It is difficult to be convinced of the death of one whom we have deemed another self. The knocking was now renewed in slow and regular strokes, apparently given with the soft end of a doubled fist, and was accompanied by words, faintly heard through several thicknesses of wall. Margaret looked to her sister's chamber, and beheld her still lying in the depths of sleep. She arose, placed her foot upon the floor, and slightly arrayed herself, trembling between fear and eagerness as she did so.

"Heaven help me!" sighed she. "I have nothing left to fear, and methinks I am ten times more a coward than ever."

Seizing the lamp from the hearth, she hastened to the window that overlooked the street-door. It was a lattice turning upon hinges; and having thrown it back, she stretched her head a little way into the moist atmosphere. A lantern was reddening the front of the house, and melting its light in the neighbouring puddles, while the deepest darkness overwhelmed every other object. As the window grated on its hinges, a man in a broad-brimmed hat and blanket-coat, stepped from under the shelter of the projecting story, and looked upward to discover whom his application had aroused. Margaret knew him as a friendly innkeeper of the town.

"What would you have, goodman Parker?" cried the widow.

"Lack-a-day, is it you, mistress Margaret?" replied the innkeeper. "I was afraid it might be your sister Mary; for I hate to see a young woman in trouble, when I have n't a word of comfort to whisper her."

"For Heaven's sake, what news do you bring?" screamed Margaret.

"Why, there has been an express through the town within this half hour," said goodman Parker, "travelling from the eastern jurisdiction with letters from the governor and council. He tarried at my house to refresh himself with a drop and a morsel, and I asked him what tidings on the frontiers. He tells me we had the better in the skirmish you wot of, and that thirteen men reported slain, are well and sound, and your husband among them. Besides, he is appointed of the escort to bring the captivated Frenchers and Indians home to the province jail. I judged you would n't mind being broke of your rest, and so I stepped over to tell you. Good-night."

So saying, the honest man departed; and his lantern gleamed along the street, bringing to view indistinct shapes of things, and the fragments of a world, like order glimmering through chaos, or memory roaming over the past. But Margaret staid

not to watch these picturesque effects. Joy flashed into her heart, and lighted it up at once, and breathless, and with winged steps, she flew to the bedside of her sister. She paused, however, at the door of the chamber, while a thought of pain broke in upon her.

"Poor Mary!" said she to herself. "Shall I waken her, to feel her sorrow sharpened by my happiness? No; I will keep it within my own bosom till the morrow."

She approached the bed to discover if Mary's sleep were peaceful. Her face was turned partly inward to the pillow, and had been hidden there to weep; but a look of motionless contentment was now visible upon it, as if her heart, like a deep lake, had grown calm because its dead had sunk down so far within. Happy is it, and strange, that the lighter sorrows are those from which dreams are chiefly fabricated. Margaret shrunk from disturbing her sister-in-law, and felt as if her own better fortune had rendered her involuntarily unfaithful, and as if altered and diminished affection must be the consequence of the disclosure she had to make. With a sudden step, she turned away. But joy could not long be repressed, even by circumstances that would have excited heavy grief at another moment. Her mind was thronged with delightful thoughts, till sleep stole on and

transformed them to visions, more delightful and more wild, like the breath of winter working fantastic tracery upon a window.

When the night was far advanced, Mary awoke with a sudden start. A vivid dream had latterly involved her in its unreal life, of which, however, she could only remember that it had been broken in upon at the most interesting point. For a little time, slumber hung about her like a morning mist, hindering her from perceiving the distinct outline of her situation. She listened with imperfect consciousness to two or three volleys of a rapid and eager knocking; and first she deemed the noise a matter of course, like the breath she drew; next, it appeared a thing in which she had no concern; and lastly, she became aware that it was a summons necessary to be obeyed. At the same moment the pang of recollection darted into her mind; the pall of sleep was thrown back from the face of grief; the dim light of the chamber, and the objects therein revealed, had retained all her suspended ideas, and restored them as soon as she unclosed her eyes. Again there was a quick peal upon the street-door. Fearing that her sister would also be disturbed, Mary wrapped herself in a cloak and hood, took the lamp from the hearth, and hastened to the window. By some accident, it had been left unhasped, and yielded easily to her hand.

"Who's there?" asked Mary, trembling as she looked forth.

The storm was over, and the moon was up; it shone upon broken clouds above, and below upon houses black with moisture, and upon little lakes of the fallen rain, curling into silver beneath the quick enchantment of a breeze. A young man in a sailor's dress, wet as if he had come out of the depths of the sea, stood alone under the window. Mary recognised him as one whose livelihood was gained by short voyages along the coast; nor did she forget, that, previous to her marriage, he had been an unsuccessful wooer of her own.

"What do you seek here, Stephen?" said she.

"Cheer up, Mary, for I seek to comfort you," answered the rejected lover. "You must know I got home not ten minutes ago, and the first thing my good mother told me was the news about your husband. So, without saying a word to the old woman, I clapped on my hat, and ran out of the house. I could n't have slept a wink before speaking to you, Mary, for the sake of old times."

"Stephen, I thought better of you!" exclaimed the widow, with gushing tears, and preparing to close the lattice; for she was no whit inclined to imitate the first wife of Zadig.

"But stop, and hear my story out," cried the young

sailor. "I tell you we spoke a brig yesterday afternoon, bound in from Old England. And who do you think I saw standing on deck, well and hearty, only a bit thinner than he was five months ago?"

Mary leaned from the window, but could not speak.

"Why, it was your husband himself," continued the generous seaman. "He and three others saved themselves on a spar, when the Blessing turned bottom upwards. The brig will beat into the bay by daylight, with this wind, and you'll see him here to-morrow. There's the comfort I bring you, Mary, and so good-night."

He hurried away, while Mary watched him with a doubt of waking reality, that seemed stronger or weaker as he alternately entered the shade of the houses, or emerged into the broad streaks of moonlight. Gradually, however, a blessed flood of conviction swelled into her heart, in strength enough to overwhelm her, had its increase been more abrupt. Her first impulse was to rouse her sister-in-law, and communicate the new-born gladness. She opened the chamber-door, which had been closed in the course of the night, though not latched, advanced to the bedside, and was about to lay her hand upon the slumberer's shoulder. But then she remembered that Margaret would awake to thoughts of death and woe, rendered not the less bitter by their contrast with her

own felicity. She suffered the rays of the lamp to fall upon the unconscious form of the bereaved one. Margaret lay in unquiet sleep, and the drapery was displaced around her; her young cheek was rosy-tinted, and her lips half opened in a vivid smile; an expression of joy, debarred its passage by her sealed eyelids, struggled forth like incense from the whole countenance.

“My poor sister! you will waken too soon from that happy dream,” thought Mary.

Before retiring, she set down the lamp and endeavoured to arrange the bed-clothes, so that the chill air might not do harm to the feverish slumberer. But her hand trembled against Margaret’s neck, a tear also fell upon her cheek, and she suddenly awoke.

F

THE COUNTENANCE.

WHAT can be more significant than the sudden flushing and confusion of a blush, than the sparklings of rage, and the lightnings of a smile? The soul is, as it were, visible upon these occasions; the passions ebb and flow in the cheeks, and are much better distinguished in their progress than the change of

air in a weather-glass. A face well furnished out by nature, and a little disciplined, has a great deal of rhetoric in it. A graceful presence bespeaks acceptance, gives a force to language, and helps to convince by look and posture.

The countenance seems designed not only for ornament but for information. The passions there displayed make way for commerce and communication, and help to let one man into the sentiments and affections of another. Here joy and grief, resolution and fear, modesty and conceit, inclination, indifference, and disgust, are made legible. The character is fairest and best marked in children, and those who are unpractised in the little hypocrisies of conversation; for when nature has learned to put on art and disguise, the forehead is not easily read.

The face being designed to be unclothed, and in view, God has there fixed the seat and visibility of the passions, for the better directing of conversation. The sudden alteration of the countenance is very remarkable. A forcible object will rub out the freshest colour at a stroke, and paint others of a quite different appearance. A vigorous thought, or a surprise of good fortune, dispels the gloom, and brightens the air immediately.

JEREMY COLLIER.

A REQUIEM.

Ay, pale and silent maiden,
Cold as thou liest there,
Thine was the sunniest nature
That ever drew the air,
The wildest and most wayward,
And yet so gently kind,
Thou seemedst but to body
A breath of summer wind.

Into the eternal shadow
That girds our life around,
Into the Infinite silence
Wherewith Death's shore is bound,
Thou hast gone forth beloved !
And I were mean to weep,
That thou hast left Life's shallows,
And dost possess the deep.

Thou liest low and silent,
Thy heart is cold and still,
Thine eyes are shut for ever,
And Death hath had his will ;

He loved and would have taken,
I loved and would have kept,
We strove,—and he was stronger,
And I have never wept.

Let him possess thy body,
Thy soul is still with me,
More sunny and more gladsome
Than it was wont to be:
Thy body was a'fetter
That bound me to the flesh,
Thank God that it is broken,
And now I live afresh!

Now I can love thee truly,
For nothing comes between
The senses and the spirit,
The seen and the unseen;
Lifts the eternal shadow,
The silence bursts apart,
And the soul's boundless future
Is present in my heart.

LOWELL.

THE SLEEPERS.

On ! lightly, lightly tread !
A holy thing is sleep.
On the worn spirit shed,
And eyes that wake to weep :

A holy thing from heaven,
A gracious dewy cloud,
A covering mantle, given,
The weary to enshroud.

Oh ! lightly, lightly, tread !
Revere the pale still brow,
The meekly drooping head,
The long hair's willowy flow !

Ye know not what ye do,
That call the slumberer back,
From the world unseen by you,
Unto Life's dim faded track.

Her soul is far away,
In her childhood's land, perchance,
Where her young sisters play,
Where shines her mother's glance.

Some old sweet native sound
Her spirit haply weaves:
A harmony profound
Of woods with all their leaves:

A murmur of the sea,
A laughing tone of streams:—
Long may her sojourn be
In the music-land of dreams!

Each voice of love is there,
Each gleam of beauty fled,
Each lost one still more fair—
Oh! lightly, lightly, tread!

MRS. MEMANS.

A NOVEMBER SKETCH.

Is the reader sure that the month of November has not been the subject of a great deal of undeserved calumny? For myself, I have long believed that it ought to be rescued from the unfounded charges made against it by Grub-street scribblers, and would entreat those *country* inspectors of Annuals, to whom the state of the weather is an object of interest, to mark well the course of two or three successive Novembers, should such fall to their share, and see if this slandered portion of the year has not beauties of its own amply sufficient to redeem it from the disgrace into which it seems to have fallen.

Let me grant, however freely, that to the citizen of London it is all, and more than all, that has been said. Who that has ever marked that impenetrable fog—taken in the laden, uncomfortable air—trodden the slippery, greasy footways—seen the sun coated over with, (what shall I call it, in order to avoid profaning the poetical, Ossianic, hill-and-valley sounding name of *mist*?) with something like a wet and dirty sailcloth,—but must acknowledge that a London November is a dismal thing? But it is far otherwise

in the country. Go to the city at noon-day; and if you have the good fortune to grope your way by lamp-light into a Croydon stage-coach, try, reader, I beseech you, try what a November morning is, when London is left behind, and you have reached some breezy upland, or fine open down, where you meet the tempered wind of Autumn bringing with it the perfume of the dying leaves; where you see the short, moist grass, sparkling in the sun; the distant mist never, perhaps, wholly withdrawing its curtain—but now lifting up, now letting down a fold over part of the scene, every moment thus changing the outline of the prospect; the thinned foliage admitting, at each remove of the veil, a more extended boundary line of landscape; the distinct forms of the nearer trees, and the remarkable transparency of every little brook that murmurs along, adding peculiar beauties to the scene.

I suppose it may be in illustration of the mind's propensity to value that which is about to elude its grasp, that a fine day at this time of the year is so peculiarly enjoyed. Small as is the gratitude commonly excited by seasons of beauty, I have always fancied there is a nearer approach to remembrance of the privilege and blessing of their enjoyment in the closing days of Autumn, than at any other period.

"The gently sighing breezes, as they blow,
Have more than vernal softness; and the sun
Sheds on the landscape round a mellow glow,
Than in his summer splendour he has done,
As if he neared the goal, and knew the race was won."

Everybody is seized with a desire to redeem time in November. Neighbours exchange visits—old people and invalids get out into the sun while they can; fairs are held—fuel is brought in; the shops are frequented—the rent is paid: the people, though poor, have the feeling of being out of debt, and, on the strength of this, allow themselves, perhaps, some little piece of extravagance. If the sun comes out, every one is abroad. It is true, there is no walking in the meadows, and the country lanes are seldom in good order for delicate-footed pedestrians; but if you are in a corn country, you are sure to see the villagers scattered about in the ploughed fields, preparing the ground for the future corn; groups of rosy children in the most picturesque costume imaginable—old hats, old frocks, old petticoats—everything the household can furnish that is most antiquated and party-coloured, is carefully saved for the Autumnal field-work. Bright reds and yellows, blues and greens, mixed up in rich variety, with little odd-shaped jackets—or a father's old coat, made up into a sort of nondescript garment for a young one. Take into the account a great inclination to fun and irregularity

of movement among the children, frequently corrected by some business-like matron, whose task it is to superintend the work of the young company of depositors, and you will form some idea of this lively amusing scene. The ploughers and harrowers, meanwhile, plod on their way in perhaps a distant part of the field, adding to the stirring and picturesque character of the spectacle.

The day, too, is free from the disappointment one meets with in other months—the cutting salutations of a blast in June, when we go out in summer clothing, under the expectations of a soft southern breeze,—the precocious warmth of a February morning, which fills us with melancholy anticipations of the probable fate of early blossoms—all this is over; it is the time of sober certainty: one more day of enjoyment for birds and butterflies; for the chrysanthemum to blossom, and the bee to gather up a little fresh food before he sets himself to work on his winter stores. And why should not we, too, spare our provision for the time of out-door poverty? Why not take our lesson from the bee, and expatiate amid flowers and leaves, air and sunshine, leaving to December our fires, our curtained rooms, and our Annuals.

EMILY TAYLOR.

THE RED INDIAN GIRL.

She bore her wrongs in deep and silent sorrow ;
Endured the anguish of a broken heart
In uncomplaining sadness ; saw her love
Repaid with cold neglect. But stung at last
To the bosom's inmost core, she tried the sole
Effectual remedy despair had left her.

UNPUBLISHED PLAY.

SHORTLY after the *coureurs des bois* began to carry packs and drive dog-sledges in the lands on the upper waters of the Mississippi, there lived at the Kahpoz-hah village, three leagues below the mouth of the river St. Peter's, an Indian, who was the cynosure of the eyes of all the maidens in his tribe. This was because of his rare personal beauty ; not of form, for that is common to all Indians ; but of countenance. His skill as a hunter, and his bravery as a warrior, were qualities more likely to recommend him to their parents ; but, strange to say, the swarthy daughters of the forest judged by the eye, as some authors have falsely asserted their sex is in the habit of doing. The object of their admiration had feminine features, and a skin lighter by five shades than the national complexion of the Dahcotahs, and his hair, besides being light, was also fine and glossy. He prided himself

upon it, and suffered it to grow long; thereby grievously scandalizing the male population of the village. His toilet was usually adjusted with scrupulous accuracy; he changed the fashion of his paint five times per diem, and his activity in the chase enabled him to wear so much scarlet cloth, and so many beads and silver brooches, as made him the envy of those of his own age and sex. Those who imagine that the aborigines are all stoics and heroes, and those who think them solely addicted to rapine and bloodshed, and are therefore disposed to dispute the truth of this sketch of Indian character, are informed that there are fops in the forests as well as in Broadway; their intrinsic value is pretty much the same in both places. The beau of the north-west arranges his locks, and stains his face with mud, by a looking-glass three inches square. He of the city submits his equally empty head to the hand of a friseur, and powders his visage before a mirror in a gilt frame, in which he can behold his estimable person at full length. The former arrays his person with scarlet, and covers his feet with deer-skin and porcupine quills; and the other gets a coat from Cox, whose needle, it is said, has pierced more hearts than the shaft of Cupid; and his feet prove the merits of Day and Martin. The only difference we see between the two is, that the savage kills deer and buffaloes,

and helps to support his family, while the white man is often a useless member of society. Yet the elegance of the features of Toskatnay (the Woodpecker,) for so was our Dahcotah dandy called, and his taste in dress, were not his only merits. The war-eagle's plume, which completed his array, was an honourable evidence that he had acquired a right to call himself a man. In fact, beneath an almost feminine appearance, and much frivolity of manner, he concealed the real strength of his character. To the maidens who listened with glistening eyes to his discourse, and blushed when he addressed them, his motto seemed to be, "Let them look and die." Exquisite as he was, his soul was full of higher matter than love or gallantry. He aspired to sway the councils of his people, and to lead them in battle; and if he condescended to please the eyes and tickle the ears of the women, it was only because he knew that it was the surest way to exert an influence over the men. He was not so thorough a savage as to have failed to learn thus much of human nature. Yet he had no idea of marrying, but as it might further his views; and to the admiration of the young squaws he shut his eyes, whilst against their complaints that "no one cared for them," he hardened his heart.

With all his schemes, he had not calculated upon the power of the blind god, as, indeed, how should he,

having never heard of such a personage? The passion of which that deity is a type, he scarcely believed to exist, certainly never expected to feel. But his time was to come, and the connection he was destined to form was to have a powerful influence on his future fortunes. We are thus particular in detailing his conduct and feelings, in order that our own countrymen may take warning and profit by his example. There is a use to be found for everything, however mean, and he who flirts with the brunettes and blondes that congregate at Ballston or Saratoga, need not shame to take a lesson from a Dahcotah heathen.

In the same village with our hero dwelt a damsel, whose name, as it has not come down to us, being lost in the exploit of which this true history treats, we cannot tell, and shall therefore speak of her as WeenokhENCHAH Wandeteekah (the Brave Woman,) the appellation which her tribe give her, in relating the story. This girl never praised Toskatnay's attire, nor listened to his compliments, nor sought to attract his attention. On the contrary, she avoided his notice. Why she did thus, we do not pretend to explain. We pretend not to expound the freaks of passion, any more than the profundities of philosophy; nor can we tell why love should choose to show himself in such a capricious manner. Let it suffice that she was

thought to hate our hero, until an event occurred that contradicted the supposition.

One hot day in July, a rabid wolf, such as are sometimes seen in the prairies, came to pay the village a visit. The corn-field lay in his way, and, as animals in his predicament never turn aside, he entered it. It so chanced that Weenokhenchah Wandeteekah was at that time using her hoe therein, in company with other girls, while Toskatnay stood near them, cheering their labour and edifying their minds pretty much in the style of Ranger, in the Jealous Husband. The wolf made directly at him, and the girls, seeing by the slaver of his jaws what ailed him, shrieked and fled. Toskatnay, being no Yankee, could not guess the cause of their terror, and was looking about for it, when the animal was within five paces of him. Weenokhenchah Wandeteekah alone stood firm, and, seeing that he must inevitably be bitten, she advanced and clove the beast's skull with her hoe, contrary to the law in such cases made and provided by novel-writers, which ordains that the gentleman shall rescue the lady from danger, and not the lady the gentleman. Having thus done, the colour forsook her cheeks, and she swooned and fell.

Toskatnay, though an Indian fine gentleman, did not catch her in his arms, nor kneel by her. But he did what was as much to the purpose. He ran to

the village, which was but a few rods distant, and sent the women to her assistance. With some difficulty they brought her to her senses.

From that hour his attentions, which had before been considered by the girls as common property, were confined to her. Love and gratitude prevailed, and for a while his dreams of ambition were forgotten. He wore leggings of different colours, and sat all day upon a log, playing on a flute with three holes, and singing songs in her praise. When she was gone to cut wood, he was not to be found in the village. He gave her beads and vermillion, and, in short, played the Indian lover in all points.

Indian courtships never last long, and ere the leaves began to fall, Weenokhenchah Wandeeteekah was the wedded wife of Toskatnay. For a time, he forgot his nature and his former prepossessions, and he even saw three war-parties leave the village, without testifying much concern. But these halcyon days did not last long. A mind like his could not be content with ignoble triumphs over the brute tenants of the woods and prairies. His excursions grew longer in duration, and more frequent in occurrence, and at last the poor bride saw herself totally neglected. Another cause concurred in this result. She belonged to a family that could boast no hero, no chief, nor any wise man, among its members, and her husband

saw with regret that he had formed an alliance that could never enhance his importance in his tribe. The devoted affection and unwearied attention with which she endeavoured to recall his heart, only filled him with disgust. Within the year she made him a father, but the new relation in which he stood did not reclaim him. In the eyes of his people, he pursued a more honourable course: he joined every warlike excursion, obtained the praise of all by his valour; and once, by his conduct and presence of mind, when the camp in which his lodge was pitched was surprised, he saved it, and turned the tables on the assailants. In consequence, he was thought worthy to be a leader of men, and became the partizan in two successful inroads on the enemies' country.

He was envied as well as admired. Many there were, older than himself, who aspired to the objects of his ambition, and one especially, without a tithe of his merits, outstripped him in his course by means of extended connections, and thwarted him in every particular. This was a man named Chahpah (the Beaver,) about forty years of age. He had nine wives, whom he supported in the usual style, and their relations were at his beck. Jealous of the growing influence of Toskatnay, he opposed his opinions, and turned the weak parts of his character into ridicule. The young warrior felt this deeply, and revolved in

his own mind the means of making the number of his adherents equal to that of his rival. There were two ways presented themselves to his acceptance; the one to take to his lodge more wives; and the other, to continue to exert himself in the field. By the latter means, in the course of time, if he was not prematurely cut off, he would attain the desired distinction. By the former his object would be affected more speedily.

An opportunity soon occurred to measure his strength with his fellow-aspirant. The Beaver, not content with the limits of his harem, demanded in marriage the daughter of the Heron, a noted warrior. The father asked time to consider the proposal. While the matter was in abeyance, Toskatnay heard of it, and resolved not to lose so good a chance to further his own projects, and mortify the man he hated. He went that very night to Heron's lodge, lighted a match at his fire, and presented it to the eyes of the maiden. She blew it out, and, after some conversation with her, carried on in whispers, he retired. In the morning he smoked with the Heron, and in plain terms asked his daughter to wife. The old man liked Toskatnay, and, moreover, was not entirely satisfied that his offspring should be the tenth bride of any man. He accepted the offer without hesitation, and the nuptials were solemnized forthwith, to the great displeasure of the Beaver.

It is unnecessary to say that he was not the only person displeased. WeenokhENCHAH Wandeteekah thought this second marriage a poor requital of the service she had rendered her husband, and expostulated with him. But ambition swallows all other passions, as the rod of Moses swallowed the other rods, and Toskatnay had become intensely selfish. He desired her to mind her own affairs; and, as polygamy is reckoned creditable by the Dahcotahs, she had no pretence to quarrel, and was obliged to submit. With an aching heart, she saw another woman take the place in Toskatnay's regard that she considered her own, and often did she retire to the woods to weep over her infant, and tell her sorrows to the rocks and trees. Quarrels will happen in the best of families, and so was seen of Toskatnay's. The two wives did not agree, as might have been expected, and the husband always took the part of the new-comer. Moreover, when he joined the hunting-camps, the Heron's daughter accompanied him, while WeenokhENCHAH Wandeteekah was left at home; he alleging that, having a child to take care of, she could not so well be the partner of his wanderings. It was in vain that she protested against this reasoning. An Indian husband is, if he pleases, absolute, and she was obliged to acquiesce. It was not, in truth, that he preferred his new spouse, but he wished to con-

ciliate her family. The poor malcontent had the mortification besides to see that he neglected his child; and this was the unkindest act of all.

At last, the second autumn after her marriage, it so happened that the band attached to Toskatnay was to move up the Mississippi, and hunt upon its head waters. As the journey was to be made by water, there was no objection to Weenokhenchah Wandee-teekah being of the party, and the two wives assisted each other in the necessary preparations. In the afternoon they came to the falls of St. Anthony, and carried their canoes and baggage round it. They encamped on the eastern shore, just above the rapids. Such a description as we are able to give of this celebrated cataract, from recollection, is at the reader's service.

There is nothing of the grandeur or sublimity which the eye aches to behold at Niagara, about the falls of St. Anthony. But, in wild and picturesque beauty, it is perhaps unequalled. Flowing over a tract of country five hundred miles in extent, the river, here more than half a mile wide, breaks into sheets of foam, and rushes to the pitch over a strongly inclined plane. The fall itself is not high,—we believe only sixteen feet perpendicular,—but its face is broken and irregular. Huge slabs of rock lie scattered below, in wild disorder; some stand on their edges, leaning

against the ledge from which they have been dis-united; some lie piled upon each other in the water, in inimitable confusion. A long narrow island divides the fall nearly in the middle. Its eastern side is not perpendicular, but broken into three distinct leaps, below which the twisting and twirling eddies threaten destruction to any living thing that enters them. On the western side, in the boiling rapids below, a few rods from the fall, stands a little island, of a few yards area, rising steep from the waters, and covered with forest trees. At the time of our story, its mightiest oak was the haunt of a solitary bald eagle, that had built his eyrie on the topmost branches, beyond the reach of man. It was occupied by his posterity till the year 1823, when the time-honoured crest of the vegetable monarch bowed, and gave way before the wing of the northern tempest. The little islet was believed inaccessible, till two daring privates of the fifth regiment, at very low water, waded out in the river above, and, ascending the fall by means of the blocks of stones before-mentioned, forded the intervening space, and were the first of their species that ever set foot upon it.

Large trunks of trees frequently drift over, and, diving into the chasms of the rocks, never appear again. The loon, or great northern diver, is also, at moulting time, when he is unable to rise from the

water, often caught in the rapids. When he finds himself drawn in, he struggles with fate for a while, but, finding escape impossible, he faces downwards, and goes over, screaming horribly. These birds sometimes make the descent unhurt. Below the rapids foam, and roar, and tumble, for half a mile, and then subside into the clear, gentle current that continues unbroken to the Rock River rapids, and at high water to the Gulf of Mexico. Here, too, the high bluffs which enclose the Mississippi commence. Such was the scene at the time of this authentic history, but now it is mended or marred, according to the taste of the spectator, by the works of the sons of Adam. It can show its buildings, its saw-mill, its grist-mill, its cattle, and its cultivated fields. Nor is it undorned with traditional honours. A Siou can tell you how the enemy, in the darkness of midnight, deceived by the false beacons lighted by his ancestors, paddled his canoe into the rapids, from which he never issued alive. He can give a good guess, too, what ghosts haunt the spot, and what spirits abide there.

To return to our story: Toskatnay and his band passed the falls, and raised their lodges a few rods above the rapids. It so happened, that evening, that a violent quarrel arose between the two wives, which the presence of some of the elders only prevented

from ending in cuffing and scratching. When the master of the lodge returned, he rebuked them both, but the weight of his anger fell on WeenokhENCHAH Wandeeteekah, though, in fact, the dispute had been fastened on her by the other. She replied nothing to his reproaches, but his words sunk deep into her bosom, for he had spoken scornfully of her, saying that no Sion had so pitiful a wife as himself. She sobbed herself to sleep; and, when the word was given in the morning to rise and strike the tents, she was the first to rise and set about it.

While the business of embarkation was going on, it so chanced that the child of the poor woman crawled in the way of her rival, and received a severe kick from her. This was too much for the mother. Vociferating such terms as are current only at Billingsgate and in Indian camps,—for squaws are not remarkable for delicacy of expression,—she fastened upon the Heron's daughter, tooth and nail, who was not slow to return the compliment. Happily their knives were wrested from them by the bystanders, or one or both would have been killed on the spot. This done, the men laughed and the women screamed, but none offered to part them, till Toskatnay, who was busy at the other end of the camp patching a birch canoe, heard the noise, and came and separated them by main force. He was highly indignant at

an occurrence that must bring ridicule upon him. The Heron's daughter he reproved, but Weenokhenchah Wandecteekeh he struck with his paddle repeatedly, and threatened to put her away. This filled the cup of her misery to overflowing: she looked at him indignantly, and said, "You shall never reproach me again." She took up her child and moved away, but he, thinking it no more than an ordinary fit of sullenness, paid no attention to her motions.

His unkindness at this time had the effect of confirming a project that she had long revolved in her mind, and she hastened to put it in execution. She embarked in a canoe with her child, and, pushing from the shore, entered the rapids before she was perceived. When she was seen, both men and women, among whom her husband was the most earnest, followed her on the shore, entreating her to land ere it was too late. The river was high, so that it was impossible to intercept her; yet Toskatnay, finding his entreaties of no avail, would have thrown himself into the water to reach the canoe, had he not been withheld by his followers. Had this demonstration of interest occurred the day before, it is possible that her purpose would have been forgotten. As it was, she shook her open hand at him in scorn, and held up his child for him to gaze at. She then began to sing, and her song ran thus:—

"A cloud has come over me. My joys are turned to grief. Life has become a burden too heavy to bear, and it only remains to die.

"The Great Spirit calls; I hear his voice in the roaring waters. Soon, soon shall they close over my head, and my song shall be heard no more.

"Turn thine eyes hither, proud chief. Thou art brave in battle, and all are silent when thou speakest in council. Thou hast met death and hast not been afraid.

"Thou hast braved the knife and the axe; and the shaft of the enemy has passed harmless by thee.

"Thou hast seen the warrior fall. Thou hast heard him speak bitter words with his last breath.

"But hast thou ever seen him dare more than a woman is about to do?

Many speak of thy deeds. Old and young echo thy praises. Thou art the star the young men look upon, and thy name shall be long heard in the land.

"But when men tell of thy exploits, they shall say, 'He slew his wife also!' Shame shall attend thy memory.

"I slew the ravenous beast that was about to destroy thee. I planted thy corn, and made thee garments and moccasins.

"When thou wast an hungered, I gave thee to eat, and when thou wast athirst, I brought thee cold

water. I brought thee a son also, and I have never disobeyed thy commands.

"And this is my reward! Thou hast laughed at me. Thou hast given me bitter words, and struck me heavy blows.

"Thou hast preferred another before me, and thou hast driven me to wish for the approach of death, as for the coming winter.

"My child, my child! Life is a scene of sorrow. I had not the love of a mother, did I not snatch thee from the woes thou must endure.

"Adorn thy wife with ornaments of white metal, Toskatnay. Hang beads about her neck. Be kind to her, and see if she will ever be to thee as I."

So saying, or rather singing, she went over the fall with her child, and they were seen no more.

One year precisely from this time, Toskatnay followed the track of a bear, which he had wounded, to the brink of the falls. He halted opposite to the spot where Weenokhenchah Wandectcekah had disappeared, and gazed on the foaming rapid. What was passing in his mind it is impossible to say. He had reached the summit of his ambition. He was acknowledged a chief, and he had triumphed over the Beaver and the Chippeways. But she, for whose sake he had spurned the sweetest flowers of life, true love

and fond fidelity, had proved faithless to him, and fled to the Missouri with another man. He had nothing farther to look for, no higher eminence to attain, and his reflections were like those of him who wept because he had no more worlds to conquer. A strange occurrence aroused him from his reverie. A snow-white doe, followed by a fawn of the same colour, came suddenly within the sphere of his vision ; so suddenly, that they seemed to him to come out of the water. Such a sight had never before been seen by any of his tribe. He stood rooted to the ground. He who had never feared the face of man trembled like an aspen with superstitious terror. The animals, regardless of his presence, advanced slowly towards him, and passed so near that he might have touched them with his gun. They ascended the bank, and he lost sight of them. When they were fairly out of sight, he recovered from the shock, and, stretching out his arms after them, conjured them to return. Finding his adjurations vain, he rushed up the bank, but could see nothing of them, which was the more remarkable as the prairie had just been burned over, and for a mile there was no wood or inequality in the ground that could have concealed a much smaller animal than a deer.

He returned to his lodge, made a solemn feast, at which his relatives were assembled, and sung his

death-song. He told his wondering auditors that he had received a warning to prepare for his final change. He had seen the spirits of his wife and child. No one presumed to contradict his opinion. Whether founded in reason or not, it proved true in point of fact. Three weeks after, the camp was attacked by the Chippeways. They were repulsed, but Toskatnay, and he only was killed.

No stone tells where he lies, nor can any of the Dahcotahs show the spot. His deeds are forgotten, or, at best, faintly remembered; thus showing "on what foundation stands the warrior's pride;" but his wife still lives in the memory of her people, who speak of her by the name of Weenokhenehah Wandeteekah, or the Brave Woman.

THE END.

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